CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

VOL. XXVI. DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS. NO. 36.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1847.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT NO. 22 SCHOOL STREET.
(*Near Washington Street,*) *by*
DAVID REED.

☞ To whom all communications, as well as letters of business, should be addressed.

TERMS.—THREE DOLLARS, payable in six months, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, if paid in advance.

To individuals or companies who pay in advance for five copies, a sixth copy will be sent gratis.

No subscriptions discontinued, except at the discretion of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

For the Register.

DIVINE INFLUENCE.

As God must be the Original activity of the universe, he must, of course, be *constructively* the cause of "whatsoever comes to pass." In this sense the doctrine of pantheism is, doubtless, true. An *activity* necessarily implies a *substance* which is active. From the original activity have proceeded other activities which we call secondary. These, also, imply a substance which acts. Hence the doctrine of *creation*. The substance which is the immediate foundation of the secondary activities must have been *created*. And here we find the difference between proper pantheists and theists. The former admit the existence of but *one* substance; that which is self-existent and eternal. Of course the secondary activities are only modifications of the first and unoriginated substance and activity. With them the doctrine of a proper creation is but *imaginative*. Without staying now to argue the point of a *proper creation*, we shall assume it; and proceed to some investigation on the ground of that assumption.

Created substances, in conjuction with the various activity with which they are endowed, constitute *nature*. Nature is thus the creature of God. It possesses powers, tendencies, laws, all which it derived from him. The created substances must be of *different kinds*, because we find in nature different *tendencies, powers, activities*. For any one simple substance can, probably, have but *one* tendency. These created substances, acting and reacting upon each other, have produced the *world*; and are now producing all the *phenomena* of the world. In a *constructive* sense therefore, all things are of God. But if we admit the doctrine of creation they are *not* of God in the *same sense* as was the work of creation; the creation of nature. Nature works as well as God. Hence the doctrine of *naturalism* and of *supernaturalism*. They are correlative terms; one implies the other, and is unmeaning without it. The work of creation was supernatural. And when God interferes with natural causes and produces events by his own *direct* and special agency, he does a supernatural work. The early generations of mankind believed in this fact: that God *often* exerted a special agency in the affairs of men; that it was chiefly by this means that he maintained his moral providence; rewarded the righteous and punished the wicked. And so deep and strong was this conviction that when great calamities befel a man, a family, or a people, they inferred the guilt of the sufferers from the fact itself of their sufferings. The great wickedness of the ante-diluvians was inferred from the fact of the flood; that of the inhabitants of Sodom, from the fact of the awful destruction which overwhelmed them. The friends of Job accused him of having practised much concealed iniquity on the ground of the remarkable affliction which had overtaken him.

When wicked men, either by means of their own mistakes and misconduct or by the conduct of others, become involved in trouble or in ruin, the agency which supervised the whole concern, is ascribed to God.

When a man felt a strong impulse to undertake an important enterprise, he believed, and others also believed, that the impression was *from God*. It is, therefore, declared that the Spirit of God came, upon Samson, upon Jephthah, upon Saul, upon Balaam and upon many others. The teachers, reformers, and prophets of those times, when they had strong and earnest impressions upon their minds, believed them to be directly from God: that it was a divine inspiration. And so, in a sense, it was. The skilful artist who manufactured the rich, curious, ornamental furniture for the tabernacle and the temple, is pronounced possessed of the Spirit of God. Solomon, having ingeniously judged in the case of the two women and the one child, the assertion is made that "the Spirit of God was in him to do judgment."

In the times of the New Testament the distinction between naturalism and supernaturalism is more definite. The ground occupied by the latter is much narrowed. But it still has considerable breadth. *Good* impressions and *inspired* impressions are almost identified. "It is not ye which speak, but the spirit of my Father speaketh in you." "The Holy Ghost shall teach you what ye shall say." "No man can say that Jesus is the Christ but by the Holy Ghost." "God hath sent forth the spirit of his son into your hearts." "As many as are led by the spirit of God, are the sons of God." "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that God dwelleth in you." "Ye are God's husbandry; ye are God's building." "Keep thyself pure." "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy." "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." "Take unto yourselves the whole armor of God, the shield of faith, the helmet of hope, the breastplate of righteousness, the girdle of truth, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." "Take heed, brethren, that ye receive not the word of God in vain." The divine influence, therefore, which is recognized in the New Testament, is something that may be resisted, misimproved, lost. We should not expect such a fact, if this influence were a *direct* and special act of God. What, then, may be our conclusion respecting that divine influence by which the minds of saints are enlightened, regenerated and sanctified? Is it *natural* or *supernatural*? In solving this question it should be remembered that God has endowed man with a *religious* nature; with the sentiments of religious *faith, hope, reverence, submission and trust*. Men are, moreover, privileged with the *means* of learning religious truth; of being taught religious duty. If, therefore, God has made man truly *capable* of saving holiness; made him as susceptible of true religion as he is of learning, civilization and refinement; as capable of goodness as he is of enlightenment, we do not perceive the *necessity* of a supernatural divine influence. If the husbandman does not need *supernatural* instruction, why should the christian be supposed to need it? That God *does* instruct christians, the Bible abundantly teaches. So, likewise, it teaches that God instructs the husbandman (Isaiah xxviii. 23-29.) Now if God, and the Spirit of God, give wisdom and skill to the husbandman and the cunning artificer, yet *not* by a supernatural influence, why may not the fact be similar in regard to the christian? What, then, are we to understand by a man's being born of God? Quickened by the Holy Ghost! Led by the Spirit of God! We may understand this, that they are born, quickened, led and renewed, by *the truth; by the truth contained in the Gospel of Christ*. The divine spirit and the truth are frequently identified. A right spirit in Christians is called the spirit of Christ; also, the spirit of God. A spirit in a man like that which was in Christ, is called Christ's spirit, Rom. viii: 3—10. Christians are expressly declared to be born of the incorruptible seed of the *word* of God. By yielding to the dictates of truth, by loving and obeying the Gospel of Christ, they, as it were, transfer *Christ* and the spirit of God into their own hearts. It is thus that God *dwells* in them; that Christ dwells in them; that the Spirit helps their infirmities, and bears *witness* with their spirit. But is it necessary to suppose something supernatural in all this? We think not. And for the reason that Christians are *responsible* for the use they make of this privilege. It is in their power to *improve* it, or to *misimprove* it. It is *resistible* grace; if it were supernatural it would be *irresistible*. Can we believe that the Holy Ghost sometimes tries to convert a man, but cannot do it? The thought is an inconsistency.

Again, the divine influence, the grace of God, the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, is something which may be *increased* by the use of right means. This is implied in texts already quoted. "Receive not the grace of God in vain! Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." "He that hath to him shall be given, and he shall have the more." But the idea of using means to produce a supernatural event, or of increasing a miraculous gift, is an absurdity. A miracle is an event which takes place *without means;* such is its very distinctive. Whatever can be produced by the use of *means* cannot be supernatural.

Now can it be justly thought, or alleged, that supernatural grace is more precious, and more indicative of goodness on the part of God than that which *is not supernatural*. But this conception is, evidently, a mistake. What should favor from God have an additional value from the fact of its being supernatural? God gives men food and clothing by *natural means*. Is not the gift as valuable, and as expressive of divine goodness as though it came by miracle? Nature is rich in wisdom and goodness. But all this benignity is referable to God. For nature is God's creature, and of itself is unintelligent. "Every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights." It loses none of its value by coming through the medium of nature. Nature is the common mediator between God and mankind.

S. F.

The following communication,—as the reader will perceive, should have preceded the one from the same correspondent in the last week's paper.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, May 18.

Here am I at last, with the great American Fall roaring exactly in front of my open window—my door jarring and creaking, little birds twittering, and the sun shining dimly through the haze and spray across the river. I am the sole lodger in this great house—All the other 499 places at the table were vacant, and I sat down to breakfast alone. The great wide hall, immense tables, the, office and deserted reading-room, have a most desolate appearance, as you may suppose. Sadly foot-sore and tired I arrived here about sunset, after an afternoon's walk of some one and twenty miles from Buffalo. The damp of the spray made the house cold and cheerless—the weather looked lowering and uncertain, and I had some dread lest I should be compelled to house here two or three days in a cold north east storm. Then the roar of the Falls is so exactly like the rush of a great wind and rain through the forest, and the house so creaked and quivered with the trembling of the earth, that it needed the faint light of the stars, as they beamed upon the dim ghost-like mass of spray and vapor, to assure us that the storm had not already come.

Well, daylight has dissipated all these gloomy prospects, and shines gloriously over the scene below. I awoke fresh enough, though with damp garments and blistered feet, and between climing and walking made my way from the ferry landing to the foot of Table Rock. The sun shone across the river, red in the morning haze, and casting a flood of rosy light upon the deep green rushing water. A single beam rested on the margin of the American Fall, and the vapor that rose from its foot was bathed and tinted in the same ruddy glow. As the water swelled eddied and tumbled on, it took all colors, from its own bright emerald green, to deep brown and crimson, contrasting beautifully with the snowy and marbled columns opposite, the gray cliff between, or the glorious flood pouring over the Horse-shoe fall. There is a great rock, one of the fragments of the projecting lime-stone wall, about opposite the staircase, and jutting far out into the river. Here the dashing and leaping of the water, as it poured along in a snow white flood of amazing swiftness, was grander even than the ocean playing in a quiet day among the rocks, and that, independent of the tremendous fall just above. It dashed among the great blocks of stone, sometimes retreating and leaving them quite bare, and then rushing up, till it threw a drenching flood all over me, from head to foot. This was signal enough to return to breakfast.

And now for my journey hither from Buffalo—Taking Niagara street, an ordinary dusty highway with a plank sidewalk, I came in three or four miles to the Waterloo ferry at Black Rock. The river here is nearly a mile wide, of a pale green color; and I was startled to find the current so swift, and to feel the whirls and eddies, so far above the Falls. While changing coinfor my fare, I was hailed by one of her Majesty's officers of the customs, who demanded to know what I was carrying in my bag. He was speedily convinced that raiment flute and glass were for my private use and convenience, and let me pass. I next overtook a young German from the Colony of New Ebenezer, near Buffalo, who was walking to Chippewa. I said a few words in French, taking him for a Canadian, then seeing him puzzled, and observing his face more accurately, talked a little Dutch. He was quite charmed with my scanty German phrases, and did his best in hobling English; and we went along very comfortably together for several miles.

After passing Grand and Navy Islands, the broad river begins to bend and sweep round in front—the rush of rapids could be heard, and a low cloud of vapor marked the direction of the Falls. At last the road turns away from the bank, leading through the village of Chippewa. This is a snug little town, with four or five taverns, a steamboat and some manufactories. Hence the way is crooked and perverse, leading a while along the top of the bank, above the rapids, and then winding at a provoking angle through a small cluster of houses, close upon the water's edge. And by the time I reached Sable Rock, after numerous ups and downs, there was little left but a hollow and weary sense of disappointment, together with a famishing and ravenous hunger.

It is impossible to imagine the life and beauty of these glorious Falls. I sit here and write in their deep steady roar, like the rushing of a strong wind—then listen to the deeper pent up voice that sounds from underneath—like Shelley's line. "In a cavern under is *fettered the thunder*"—then watch the descending columns of water, foaming, busily and unconcerned, in ever so many directions, and the jets of snowy foam that gush out, light as a stream from an engine pipe, wherever projecting rock breaks the falling sheet. Then with my glass I can see the crystal waves above, and the glistening bubbles poising themselves on the brim, and the feathery broken streams as they fall, hurried and impatient at first, then seeming to drag almost slowly, from the immense height. After seeing these in the mass, and at a distance, it is most startling to go to the edge of Table Rock and see the swift tremendous rush with which the great flood plunges over, close to one's feet.

BUFFALO, May 20.

I was assured at breakfast Tuesday morning, that the way down to the whirlpool on the water's edge, was quite passable—in fact none of it so bad as what I had already gone over, at the foot of Table Rock. On the strength of this assurance, I hung my knapsack over my shoulders, threw my cloak upon my arm, wielded umbrella and spy-glass in the other hand, and set forth merrily upon the expedition. Never was mortal man more foolishly accoutred for a more foolish expedition. The plan was, to go to Queenston, cross the river, and return at night on the other side. The result was, that at three o'clock, after five hours weary and hazardous labor, I scrambled to the top of the bank, (which is there from 250 to 300 feet high) and threw myself on the grass entirely fagged out. The distance was three miles. And there I had been toiling on, amongst rocks and trees, bushes, stumps, moss, dirt, stones and water, quite defeated in the hope of seeing anything worth coming for, and only deterred from going back after the first mile, by thinking that the rest could not possibly be so bad as what had gone before. Part of the way, a fine road to the top was in full sight, on the opposite side, and men were busily chopping down the trees, and the little steamboat "Maid of the Mist" was moored near them. But between us was the deep rushing stream, which just there no mortal can cross, and on my side was first a steep bank, covered with tangled trees and shrubs, and over that the bald brown jutting cliff, two hundred feet and more above me.

My course was so keep as near the water as possible, climbing and jumping among the rocks. These were piled there, just as they had fallen from the cliff. Some of them twenty or thirty feet square and ten or fifteen high, others strown in smaller fragments along the shore—Sometimes leaving a practicable margin, where only a little care and skill were necessary, and sometimes falling abruptly into the deep and swift current. In this latter case, there was the tedious operation to perform, of climbing round. I must crawl under low logs, through a space knee high, or lie and slide, or roll through. Two or three times I fell flat—once into a shallow spot in the river, and once against a rock, bruising my knee so that I have felt it ever since. For the last half mile, along the rapids, where the river is narrowest and the bank roughest, there were signs of steps, now and then lost in the wood, but appearing again, and assuring me there was a way out. So I kept on to the whirlpool, which is very amazing, doubtless, though I was not in a humor to enjoy it much. My anxiety was to reach the top of the bank; for the path I had been following, such as it was, seemed absolutely cut off there, and there must be some ascent. The traces of one were very faint and uncertain—for in so early spring, no one had come that way. I followed them however, though but for my late experience I should have thought the task quite hopeless. Once or twice I had to lie down and rest, or to throw my "plunder" beyond my reach and climb desperately up to it. At last, as I said before, I did reach the top of the bank; and after a little wandering among fields and empty houses, made the best of my way back to the Falls, and joyfully crossed the Ferry. And the next afternoon, when I had renewed my acquaintance with the spots that were familiar before, and almost made up my mind that the faithful memory is nearly as good as the repetition of the impression, without the trouble, I returned, in the pretty little steamboat Emerald. The part of Buffalo, scandalously insufficient for the trade of the place, was jammed and choked from the very entrance. A long hour we spent in forcing our way among steamboats, canal-packets and sailing vessels of all sorts, before we reached the dock.

Buffalo seems to a stranger, particularly in its docks and business streets, like an enormous tunnel through which the tide of life is forever passing westward. The crowded condition of the port is beyond all conception. Just now it is aggravated by the new impulse given to the grain trade, and the late opening of canal navigation. The narrow street next the water is completely covered with bags, boxes and barrels, containing produce for the East. Troops of German emigrants are marshalled through the streets on each arrival of cars or canal boats, and haggard and anxious or else careless and unconcerned, they wend their way to the mighty West. That is thee special moral as well as commercial interest of this place—a city of wonderful growth, and still more wonderful activity and enterprise, the gathering point of trade and travel from the great Lake region, and the spot where East and West look each other in the face—a city in which the commercial activity far outstrips its natural or artificial facilities, crowded to distraction with business, suffering constant loss of time, money and temper from the wretched insufficiency of its harbor, yet too busy, one would say, even to do what its business most absolutely demands. It is the Queen city of the lakes, where the waters are gathered and pent up in too close limits, as the streams of intercourse and traffic rush each way, and where you see on every side the unrest and turmoil that belong only to just such a place as this.

J. H. A.

THE LATE REV. J. JOHNS OF LIVERPOOL.

The London Inquirer of July 10th brings intelligence of the decease of this eminent missionary. The circumstances were as follows. He and a Catholic priest removed a dead body which no one else was willing to touch, because the person had died of the malignant ship-fever. Both took the infection and both fell victims. The name of Mr. Johns, his devotedness to his mission to the poor, and some of his admirable writings, are not entirely unknown on this side of the water, and his American brethren unite with his English brethren, in deploring his untimely death. In the union of this Unitarian missionary and this Roman Catholic priest for humanity's sake, God hath sealed the bond in which the two extremes of the Christian ranks, and all that stand between, should labor and die.

[From the London Inquirer.]

J. H. JOHNS'S SERMON.

"I have always felt that it was not a little creditable to the friends of this Mission, that they perceived from the first that it was only a man of some refinement of spirit, with a mind penetrated by moral trusts, who seized and uttered religious truths with the energy of greatness, who could do anything effectual in this service,—that they were not misled by the error that the spiritual wants of rude natures may be supplied by rude instruments; and now it is a happiness to be able to record, not for the first time, as a eulogy after his death, but as a repetition of what was spoken in his presence, at every successive anniversary of this Mission, that we had judged rightly of his gifts and of his zeal, that he sustained our hopes and strengthened our faith in the principles of this ministry. That tribute which we yearly paid to his life and living work, is the highest tribute to his memory, now that he has gone to where he rests from his labors, but where his works do follow him; that he realised the character of a minister to the poor; that he nourished our confidence in this Christian enterprise, that he left, not only the outcasts whose souls he sought, but also the supports of his ministry, better than he found them, with new hopes for man, new faith in the power of Christ's holy love, and a strengthened conviction of the duty of sustaining this institution for applying the Gospel-spirit to the lives and hearts of the destitute—this is the sum of everything, the highest praise; and I utter it here, because it is no more than our customary acknowledgement of his unsparing labors.

I remember the first evening I spent with him after his settlement here with his family, but before he had ever seen the streets in which he was to find the future work of his life. He had not then much familiarity with large towns, and he burned with impatience to be introduced to the localities which were henceforth to be the field of the world to him. He invited me to show him the district chosen for his first experiment, and I felt, as he walked through it, in earnest silence, searching out its worst places, gazing down into cellars and up into lighted rooms, pausing long before the frequent buildings in which ardent spirits were sold, that solemn purposes were forming in his heart; and from that moment I could have no doubt that we had chosen rightly.

He had the poetical temperament in an eminent degree. He spoke in poetry. His thoughts, especially in conversation, ran in images, not by effort, but spontaneously. This, indeed, he did not always restrict within the limits of good taste, those limits which are marked out by the general sympathy and apprehension yielding themselves readily. But it gave him a great power with the poor. The pictures which his words conveyed when his heart was touched were well fitted to seize their attention, and to remain with him. I have understood that he was peculiarly vivid and happy in such short, graphic utterances, in the earnestness of conversation with his people. I have been told of scenes of brutal violence stopt by a few words of pointed remonstrance, spoken with great gentleness of manner. He had no gift of prolonged extempore speech, but the power he had was of far more value to him in his intercourse with the poor.

Whatever, before experience, might have been feared or apprehended from his temperament, it soon became evident that his mind was essentially practical—that he was a man of insight into the wants of the people, and of resources to meet them. Institutions grew under his hands. New plans of action he struck out, and organised with a ready facility. The auxiliary machinery that originated with him is of a various and extensive character A relief fund, a small chapel and Sunday services, evening-schools and Sunday-schools, a library, and mechanics' institute, governed by its own members, a bank for juvenile savings, loan funds, and garden allotments to the extent of 143 separate plots, were successively devised, and though not all retained in dependence on the mission, grew out of the same interest. This varied action proved an active heart—a generous ingenuity, casting about for the methods by which the poor man might elevate his own lot.

His Annual Reports, ten in number, are the fullest records of his labors and his plans. With regard to these, it was sometimes felt that they were deficient in detailed information; that they did not lead the reader through his district, giving a history of cases, showing what was attempted and how much had been accomplished. And this is certainly the case. Detailed reports were not the habit of his mind; and the scrupulous delicacy with which he treated the poor, who received him as a friend in their abodes, rendered him unwilling to have companions in his visits, so that others had not the opportunity of reporting for him. But this remark must be largely qualified. He kept a record of cases, and, when asked to furnish more minute information, he published in several of his Reports some moral details of great interest. In all other respects, these Reports are admirably fitted for their purpose. They are powerfully and touchingly written; heart and mind were poured into them. They have a great breadth of grasp; there is hardly an interest that affects the poor man's lot that is not wisely, earnestly treated in them. They are full of testimonies that he sought to do good in countless ways; and they will be abiding records of the faithfulness and persuasive power of the man who has left them as the monuments of himself.

Amid these labors he has fallen—a true Christian sacrifice—a martyr in the service of his brethren. You know the condition of our town; you know what the exposures of a minister to the poor must now be to a man who is open to every call, and has the heart to meet them. I would use no language of gloom or depression, much less of repining, when speaking of the death of one who died in the offices of brotherly love. "His Lord's appointment is the servant's hour." Such a removal presents itself to the thoughts as a translation to the bosom of God. It was sudden and overpowering—a dark flood of death, that met him in his field of Duty, and carried him away. Like the apostle, he bore in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus:—he died in his ministry, and its seals are now where God alone can open and read—in the blessings of the poor, in the consciences he turned from sin and quickened to holiness, in the lonely hearts to which he came as the only representative of the love of mankind, which were gladdened by his sympathy, reconciled by his counsels, and sanctified by his prayers."

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

LETTER II.

DEAR INQUIRER,—We left Utica on Wednesday afternoon, July 23d, for Vernon; distant, by direct route, seventeen miles west from Utica. Our shortest way there, however, was by railroad, twenty-one miles to Verona, and thence by private conveyance to Vernon. It is peculiarly true in these days, that "the longest way round is the shortest way home," as was often proved on our journey. We were met at Vernon by one of the principal members of Mr. Emmons's congregation, who took us in his carriage directly to his delightful mansion on the outskirts of Vernon. The residence of our host illustrates the influence of Downing's works on rural architecture. It is encouraging to see how readily the remoter and newer parts of the country take up the improved and more tasteful styles of building recommended in the recent popular works on architecture, and so generally adopted in the neighborhood of cities. The and original house in a country village, is a great benefactor, and is sure to exert a positive and decisive influence upon all succeeding structures. Mr. J., our host, has placed his house on a commanding mound, in the midst of quite old and scattered trees, in an enclosure of at least twenty acres, without a single fence to break the unity and richness of the landscape. Few people are aware how much their country residences would be improved, in beauty and apparent extent, by pulling down all fences except those which bound their estate.

The village of Vernon was formerly on the main route from Utica west, and was a place of very considerable importance by its very position; but now the railroad, leaving it four miles to the south, throws it wholly upon its internal resources for its support and growth. It must henceforth be a plain agricultural town. It contains three or four churches, and some very substantial inhabitants; and, like every other part of Oneida county, it is an excellent farming district.

It may seem a little strange, that, in this out-of-the-way place, a Unitarian Society should have sprung up, when so many of the large towns in the State of New York are yet without churches of our faith. But it illustrates the fact, that a Unitarian Society can be built up anywhere when two or three earnest men devote themselves to the undertaking. There is everywhere material enough, if there be only those who will look it up, and take pains to bring it together. In Vernon there chanced to be a few intelligent and earnest men, who felt that they must lose all interest in religion, or else have it administered in accordance with our opinions. There had been a movement of the Universalists in the town long before Unitarianism had any avowed friends there; and as neither of these parties was strong enough to sustain a separate enterprise, they united their forces, and agreed in settling a Unitarian pastor over them. Great credit is due to Universalists, for the candor, generosity, and docility with which they co-operated in this effort, and for the heartiness with which they have concurred in placing a high estimation upon the Unitarian pastor of the Society. Indeed, there would appear to be a complete solution of these separate elements: the Society is one and indivisible. The Rev. Mr. Emmons deserves great credit for his judicious, conciliatory, yet frank and faithful dealing with a society, in which it would have been easy to have excited jealousies and divisions.

The Society at Vernon has had to struggle with great difficulties. Those who live in the older and commercial or manufacturing parts of the country, are very little aware how little money there is in the newer and agricultural districts, and how very hard it is to procure any of it for public uses. The pretty little church at Vernon, a modest and economical structure, has tasked the means of the people very seriously. Indeed, without the aid of some sympathizing friends in New England, whom Mr. Emmons's untiring efforts enlisted in the cause, the church could not have been paid for. As it is, the support of their minister, at a salary barely sufficient for existence, is a perpetual effort; and there have been times when it was doubtful whether Mr. Emmons could be retained. His leaving would be a fatal calamity to the Society, we fear. All the members feel that he is just the man for the place, and that his influence in that section of the country is most important to our cause. In my own judgment, the maintenance of the Society at Vernon is a matter of the first necessity. If we allow the first effort to build up a Unitarian Society made in any small agricultural town in the State of New York (if we except Trenton, whose Unitarianism was imported) to be thwarted, we may as well abandon the idea of any future efforts under similar circumstances. A little encouragement from our Association would sustain Vernon. She may sustain herself, but a grant of even fifty dollars a year for three years, would be a great *lift* to the Society, not merely for its pecuniary value, but because it would be an expression of our sympathy. There is nothing those little isolated parishes want so much as sympathy. Let them feel that they are not alone, that their brethren see and admire, and are willing to assist their struggles, and they will do wonders. I earnestly recommend Vernon to the encouragement of the Association.

It was my pleasant privilege to preach on Wednesday evening to Mr. Emmons' little flock, and to extend to it the fellowship of our Association.

On Thursday morning, leaving Vernon, we rode over, accompanied by the family of our host, and Mr. E. and his family, to Oneida Castle, a village about four miles from the centre of Vernon, but belonging to the same town. This is the residence of the Hon. Timothy Jenkins, member of Congress from this district, and an earnest and vigorous supporter of Unitarian Christianity in this town and region. Mr. Emmons preaches every fourth Sabbath at Oneida Castle, where his congregation equals in size the Society at Vernon. The congregation assembles in a school house, although there is at least one church in the village vacant for a considerable part of the time, and which nothing but the bigotry which reckons Unitarianism no sort of Christianity, hinders Mr. Emmons from occupying. It often happens that in this large village there is no preaching at all, Sabbath after Sabbath, until Mr. Emmon's appointment comes round. Eager attention is given to his instructions. It is a great pity that Mr. Emmons has not a simple little church at Oneida Castle, such as Brother Buckingham has at Holland Patent. In that case he would preach there every other Sabbath, and thus extend his influence over that great town. It is to be hoped that Mr. Jenkins will not fail to use his large influence to effect this object. Something might be done towards it by friends at a distance. A lot of land is already, by a vote of the town, apportioned to the first religious Society that demands it, and Mr. Jenkins was to give notice the week following our visit, of the claim of the Unitarian Society of Oneida Castle, to this beautiful building site. Success attend the enlargement of the Society at Vernon, and the ministry of its devoted Pastor!

Oneida Castle was the principal rendezvous, camp and council ground of the Oneida Indians. Many hundreds of them lingered there until within a few years, when they were removed west of the Mississippi. A few went to Canada. A remnant of the tribe preferred to remain by the graves of their fathers. Mr. Jenkins was the agent of the Government in the removal of the Indians, and it redounds to the humanity and integrity of his course that the tribe, in token of their confidence and affection, asked of him the acceptance of any quarter section of land he should select, from among their beautiful possessions, before they surrendered them to the Government. Mr. Jenkins is soon about to build a mansion upon the lands to which he holds so honorable a title.

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Before quitting Vernon entirely, we must here insert, although it comes in "by the head and shoulders," an anecdote we heard there, which illustrates happily the shrewdness of one of its citizens, while it furnishes a useful commentary upon the shabby incompleteness and superficial finish which contents so many of our people in the new parts of the country.

Mr. A. had contracted with B. to build him a house, and had entered into the usual specifications. When the house was nearly completed, and the external decorations were putting up, Mr. A. objected that the preparations for a cornice extended only to three sides of the house. The builder insisted that although it had not so run in the contract, yet it was usual to omit it [illegible] Mr. A. said he would not press the matter, but that of course the builder would not object to his choosing the side which should be left without a finish, and he therefore chose the *front*. The builder unable to object, did as he was ordered; but unwilling to have this advertisement of his unfaithfulness, and unworkmanlike character, staring him and the public in the face, begged leave to place the cornice on the *fourth* side. We wish all slighting of what is not in full view were come up with, in all cases, with equal ingenuity and success. "The best foot foremost" must not be carried to the extent of having no other leg! Speaking of feet reminds me of an anecdote which I do not recollect to have seen in print, touching Alston's love of perfection, for the truth of which I will not vouch, but it ought to be true if it is not. It is related that on a certain occasion, Alston, accompanied by a distinguished transcendental friend, drove in from Cambridge to attend a party in Boston. Upon arriving at the door he calmly said, to the utter surprise of his companion, "I shall not go in." "But why not?" "I have discovered a small hole in my stocking." But is it so situated as to be very visible!" "On the contrary," said Alston, "it is directly on the ball of my foot." "Of course then," said his companion, "it can never be observed." "I shall know it," said the Poet in a decisive tone, and ordered the coachman to drive back to his residence in the country. It was this love of wholeness that kept Alston more than twenty years at work upon his Belshazzar, and while it left that uncompleted, it gave an immortal finish to whatever came from his easel. The unfinished picture is a monument to that love of Perfection which makes the moral greatness as it does the fame of the great Artist. "One, but a lion," is a motto, which it is to be wished more American artists, authors and men would write upon their shields.

H. W. B.

GOOD MANNERS.

We know a young man, slow, sullen, heavy-browed and ungracious, who, whenever you speak to him, answers as if it were an effort to be even decently civil, and who moreover seems to be quite content and even proud of his incivility. And we lean to the charitable side so far as to think this is nothing more than a bad habit of his, which has insensibly fastened upon him: and that he goes along through the world—a world of mutual dependence—little aware of the fact, that so small a thing as his manner is constantly producing impressions, and fast forming a reputation, such as ten years hence he may regret as the great blunder of his life.

Would it not be well for every young man to remember the truthful anecdote of the rich Quaker Banker, who, when asked the secret of his great success in life, answered, "Civility, friend, civility! How much does it cost a man, either old or young, to be truly civil in all the intercourse of society? rather how much does it cost a young man to form this habit, which, if formed, will sit upon him easily, gracefully and profitably, so long as he lives? Far more depends upon the little, often despised civilities of the world than any other single adventitious circumstances by which men rise or fall. We may look around us at any time, and see men high in place and power, who have not attained that elevation by force of individual character or great knowledge, but simply from the fact that the trifling graces of life have not been altogether despised. It is not a dancing-master's grace that is now referred, but that little benevolence of manner that recognizes in little things the rights of others, and fully acknowledges such rights.

The thousand ways in which this little courtesy does good need hardly be mentioned. It may be said, however, that a courteous manner has a reflective influence on the benevolent feelings. It is a source of gratification to the man who practices it. If it sit naturally on a man, it is a passport to any place and any circle. It has smoothed many a rough path for men first starting in business, and been one of the things that has often crowned effort with success. The man of experience looking on an ungracious manner in a young person just starting into the world with nothing he can depend on but himself, is not angered but rather pained by what he sees, knowing as he does that the want of that little something to please as we go along, will cause many a scratch and many a rough jog in the road, which, otherwise, might be smooth as a summer stream.

Wear a hinge in your neck, young man, and keep it well oiled.—[New Haven Journal.

THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

1.—*Entrance.*

It was on Sunday, March 28th, that we were to enter the Holy Land. I had been too much engrossed by the objects which interested us at every step in Egypt and Arabia to think much of this beforehand; but when I came forth from our tent in the dawn of that morning, there was enough of novelty in the scene around me to make me feel that we were about to enter upon a new country, and a new set of interests; and I became eager to know the hour we were to pass the boundary which separated the desert from the Holy Land—the home of the old Faith from that of the new. We had followed the track of Moses from the spot where his mother placed his bulrush cradle to that on which he died; far to the east we should this morning see the mountains overhanging the Dead Sea; and among them the summit of Nebo, whence he looked abroad over the Land of Promise; and now we were to enter upon the country of Jesus—certain to walk in his very footsteps, and see what he saw—perhaps this very day. I never remember feeling such an interest in every wild-flower, in the outlines of all the hills, and the track of all the water courses.

We had left the stony desert behind us, and were encamped in a nook of the hills where the ground was green, and the weeds grew thick. There was grass under my bed in the tent; and when I came out this morning, the dew was heavy on the daises and buttercups and flowering mallows which grew abundantly on the turf. After breakfast, while the camels were loading, I walked in the early sunshine on a strip of sand overlooking the valley, impressing on my memory every feature of the landscape, and impatient of the rising ground to the north, which prevented my seeing where we were going. It was about ten o'clock when we passed the boundary. It was impossible to tell the exact moment; but within a mile or two we felt that we were indeed in the native land of Christ, and probably on his very track. He might have been here. His relations lived at Hebron; and during the first thirty years of his life he had probably visited them, after meeting them at the feasts at Jerusalem. He might have walked over the hills which swelled higher and higher as we advanced, and rested beside some of the wells which yawned beside our track. At any rate, the trees and flowers which we saw must have been familiar to his eyes; the thorny acacia which began here to rise and spread from the stunted shrub of the desert to the dimensions of a tree; the scarlet anemone—with us a precious garden flower—which here strewed the ground for acres round; the cyclamen, which pushed forth its tufts of white and lilac blossoms from under many a stone and bush; and the poppy, mallow, hemlock, and wild oats, which grew as thickly as in any English hedge. I did not know before that these weeds were as common here as with me, under pleasanter skies. It would have been pleasant anywhere to meet these rainbar weeds so far from home; but the delight to-day was to think that He and his disciples were as much accustomed to them as ourselves, and that a walk in the early spring was, in the pure country, much the same thing to them as to us.

But we soon came upon traces which showed that the expanse of pure country here was small in those days, compared with what it is now. The towns must have been more thickly set here than in any country I ever was in. Patches and masses of ruins showed themselves on every hand, so near each other as to indicate that the land must have been peopled to a degree now nowhere known. The first ploughing we had seen for many weeks was a striking sight to us; a mere scratching of the soil at the foot of the hills: but close by lay a heap of building stones, the remains of a town or village. Presently we saw a rude plough, with a single camel at work; and at hand was a long foundation wall, laid in a far distant century. On a height further on, were the remains of a large ancient building, with two broken pillars standing marking the site of the Aroer of scripture. Then, though there were water-courses about every hill, wells began to abound; substantial, deep wells, built with a rim with holes in it, to receive the covering stone; such wells as tell of a settlement beside them. We stopped early this day—partly because it was Sunday, and partly because our Arab guards, who know nothing of our Sunday, found a convenient place among the hills, somewhat sheltered from the cold wind; and here, a very few miles from the boundary, the gentlemen of the party discovered that we had sat down in the midst of what was once a large town, though the place appeared a mere stony tract, like many that we had passed. In the morning early, I went out to see for myself, and was astonished at the extent of the ruins which I should not have observed while merely riding by. I could trace the lines of foundation walls for half a mile; and building stones, overgrown with grass, lay in hillocks for a considerable distance round. The many caverns in the limestone rocks, now used as beds for the goats, were found to be the vaults of large buildings now gone to ruin. In a few minutes, we traced three temples, or other such buildings, by their overthrown pillars. Our eyes being now opened, we this day saw more and more remains, till we were convinced that all the way from the boundary to Hebron, the land was thickly settled with towns, and swarming with inhabitants in the days of its glory—the days when the Teacher went up and down in it, meditating the changes which must make it what I have seen it now. Its hills and streams, its skies and flowers, are to-day what they were before his eyes. but where he saw towns on every height, and villages in every nook, there is now hardly left one stone upon another. A group of black Bedouin tents on a hillside, a camel or two browsing here, and a flock of goats there, are all that relieve the utter solitude where there was then an innumerable throng of men.

As we advanced, on the Monday, the soil became richer, and field was joined to field, so that we began to look for the landmarks which are here used, instead of *fences*, to bound field property. We entered upon thickets and shrubberies, where white roses, the cyclamen, convolvulus, and fragrant herbs abounded. Soon after noon a new scene opened upon us. On our left hand lay a wide, deep basin among the hills, full of vineyards and olive-grounds, where the stones from the soil were built up into fences, and in almost every plot rose a garden-house. This was a sure sign we were near a town; and as we rounded the hill on our right, we came in sight of the two eminences on which Hebron is built. There stood the town where John the Baptist was born; and here were the scenes which he must many a time have talked of with his cousin, in their boyish meetings at Jerusalem for the feasts. Hebron, too, is only twenty miles from Bethlehem; only twenty-six from Jerusalem; and in those days, when a

large amount of yearly travelling was a solemn religious duty incumbent upon every family, it is scarcely possible but that relatives must have often visited each other, and that Jesus and his parents must have come to Hebron.

The cave of Machpelah is there; and the burial-place of Abraham and his family was a sacred locality, and an object of pilgrimage to Jews of all ages. As we inquired for it, and walked round the inclosure, which the Mohammedans now permit no Christian to enter, I could not but think who might have been before us in the same quest.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 4, 1847.

THE LETTER OF PHILANTHROPIST.

The Liberator and Anti-Slavery Standard, who have copied this letter, seem to have missed what we regarded as its chief and only point—which was to set forth the folly of Mr. Estlin's proposal to make inquisition of the sentiments of American Unitarians, and withhold fraternal intercourse and the offices of hospitality, unless they were just right, in the English point of view, on the question of slavery. The letter bore this design on the face of it. It was of the nature of a *parable*, and we did not suppose anybody would press every part of the comparison, or consider that in the writer's thought the English game laws and the American slave laws were of the same importance. Viewed in the light of an attempt to set forth the nature and spirit of Mr. Estlin's and Mr. Bishop's communications, and to hold up what both the editor of the London Inquirer and Mr. Tagart, to whom Mr. Estlin's letter was addressed, regard as "*the indulgence of a depreciating and vituperative spirit against those who see not the path of duty in the same light or direction in which it appears to themselves,*" the letter of Philanthropist was no unhappy effort. What may be the sentiments of Philanthropist in respect to any interposition from abroad, we know not. There is nothing in his letter to prove that he would reject it, if wise and kind. How we ourselves regard it, we have already spoken, we trust, with sufficient explicitness, when we said in a previous article, (and we believe we expressed the feelings of the great body of Unitarians,) that "neither would the wise and Christian co-operation of our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic be spurned, nor their fraternal exhortation and admonition be disregarded."

THE REGENERATING POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

There is a theology which asserts the entire depravation of the natural affections and desires, and thereupon reasons that the greatest apparent good to man is never holiness, is never obedience, but always sin and disobedience. Hence has been inferred the necessity of an altogether supernatural change in the affections, by sovereign irresistible grace, before the human will can move right, and love to God exist in the soul. But that the greatest apparent good is never holiness, never obedience, to one whose predominating feelings are nevertheless not those of love and holiness, is contradictory to human experience. There *is* such a thing as the mind's perceiving the excellence of goodness, and desiring to attain to it, and yet through feebleness of resolution falling short of it. There *is* such a thing as an unregenerated man desiring to be good, and to be [illegible] or sin, independently of the reward of the one, or the punishment of the other. Whoever says to the contrary, must have forgotten repeated experiences of his own soul. He who never felt any desire to be and to do good, to be and to do right, could of consequence never have felt any approbation of what is right and good; and who will confess this?

The perception of the good, of the beauty and holiness of God's law, existing in the soul, and yet the force of the will being too feeble to overcome temptation to disobedience, or to put forth active obedience,—Christ hath come to impart the needed quickening power. He has first enlarged our perceptions of the divine law, has increased our desires to be obedient by showing us more clearly the excellence of obedience.—He has made us dissatisfied with "the husks" on which we have fed, by showing us the bread in our Father's house. Had he done no more than this, perhaps some might gladly have heard his voice and followed him, but in many he would only have produced greater wretchedness by awakening greater desires after what they felt they were too impotent in will to obtain. But he also pours a flood of new motives and considerations upon the mind, and these motives have proved themselves adequate to awaken new and effectual resolutions; to draw and move the will in the direction of holiness as the greatest good; to determine and secure the free choice of the service of God, as the law of the spirit of life henceforward. Where there are simultaneously the clear apprehension of duty, the strong desire to be the obedient children of God, and the new considerations of truth poured upon the mind by the gospel of the Son of God, there is effected what nothing else could effect, the regeneration of the soul, the new life, the new creation in righteousness and true holiness.

"THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

Christ loves us, and therefore wishes to be remembered. There is nothing more gratifying than to be remembered by those we love. And there is nothing more painful than to be forgotten. Unrequited love is one of the bitterest complaints of a wounded spirit.

Jesus wishes us to remember him because it is for our happiness. When we remember him, we think of his love for us. We call to mind the wonderful manifestations of it,—that it shrunk not from suffering, nor could be quenched by the overwhelming waves of persecution, but survived the tomb to be exercised in greater tenderness than before. His love is with us "in the void waste as in the city full," abroad and at home, by night and by day, in prosperity and in adversity. He gives love, not as the world gives it. He is uninfluenced by the causes that alienate others. Peter denied him, and was still loved. Can anything be more refreshing than the consciousness of being thus loved? There are but few on earth in the permanency of whose friendship one dares confide. An adverse change of circumstances would produce a change of feelings. And this is a bitter reflection to many a heart. Man, without one constant friend, is alone in the world. But this friend he has in Jesus. To remember him is to be happy.

We shall not be holy, unless we remember him—and remember him habitually; for we shall not remember his commands to do them. As we think of him, we turn to an object which assimilates us to its own nature, through our beholding it. We want an ideal of perfection—we have it in him.

Let us think of him, and imbibe his spirit; think of him, and be his followers in the path of duty. One act he performed just before communion—*he washed his disciples' feet.* Kind and self-denying offices to our brethren in the flesh, are a sovereign preparative for communion.

LOVE—THE NEEDED SPIRIT OF REFORM.

Let us take heed with what spirit we seek to promote the great interests of Christianity. If all the evils which Christians are aiming to banish from the land, shall be removed, but the spirit of gentleness and kindness be removed along with them; if the screaming bird of prey be the emblem on the standard of the church, and not the *dove*, we shall be very far from establishing the kingdom of righteousness, and accomplishing the work for which Christ commissioned us.

But when we go forth in the spirit not of division but of co-operation, not in jealousy and opposition, but in love and unity, then shall we and our fellow christians have that most perfect bond which will bind us together in most perfect peace. Then shall the enterprises of the Church be like the wheels in Ezekiel's vision; the spirit of love shall be the spirit of the living creature in the wheels; whithersoever that goes these shall go, and the king of glory sitting thereon shall ride forth to universal conquest, rapid as though the clouds were the dust of his feet. And God shall dwell again among men.

FAITH AND WORKS.

Belief of truth and obedience to the divine commands, are necessary to salvation. There are many who lay stress on faith only. The tendency of this is to antinomianism. There are others who say it is of little consequence what a man believes, only let his life be right.

For forms of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

The last line is indeed a true sentiment. But it is not unimportant what a man believes. Belief affects the heart. Doctrine influences practice. Knowledge supplies motive. Holiness proceeds from truth, is produced by truth. "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth!" said our Savior in prayer to the Father.

Where a person thinks belief of doctrine unnecessary, and only practice important, he is liable to turn away from contemplating truth, until what once appeared to be Christian practice, and is, may appear less and less so, and this too will end in antinomanism. "Extremes meet." Trust neither to faith only, nor works only; not to doctrine alone, nor practice alone.

DR. BUSHNELL AND THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Dr. Bushnell in his "Argument" speaks of the Episcopal Church as "waiting for the Unitarian body to fall, as a ripe fruit, into its hands, and actually holding its hands for the prize." It is quite a note-worthy fact that his book on Christian Nurture has led the Episcopal Church to entertain some sanguine hope of getting the Orthodox body; or that at least they will get [illegible] last week's Christian Witness.

"The book indicates the breaking up of a system of views and practices, in reference to the beginning and progress of religious experience. And what renders it the more interesting to Episcopalians is the fact, that as far as the elements of a new system are discoverable, they are evidently almost identical with those which have ever been received by the Episcopal Church.

Indeed it would seem that our brethren have been taught by the sacrament of Baptism, that they have wandered far out of the way, and that to carry out the evident intention of this holy ordinance they must regard it as bringing the child into Christ's church, and entitling him to be regarded and treated, not as an alien and foreigner, but as a lamb of Christ's flock. The author of the book cautiously avoids saying, in so many words, that the baptized child is *in the Church*, but equivalent expressions indicate that while he admits this as evidently true, he thinks it prudent not to awaken prejudice by its distinct avowal.

This is clear, that the whole tendency of the book is to advocate just those views of Christian education which have ever been held, and in no small degree carried out in practice, in the Episcopal Church, and for holding and practicing which that church has heretofore suffered ceaseless reproach."

The remark made by Dr. B., has been often made in the New Englander; and whenever we have seen it, we have been tempted to think our Orthodox friends are not really serious, but make use of Unitarianism and Unitarians as a sort of figure of rhetoric. Dr. B. says, "What do we see if any among the Unitarians become dissatisfied, and desire to find some form of religion more adequate to their spiritual wants? They pass directly on to the hands of the Bishop." Is Dr. B. fully aware of the application of his question to his own body? Does a *tithe* of the Unitarians go over to Episcopacy, compared with those who go over from Orthodoxy? There is not then in *Orthodoxy* enough to satisfy the spiritual wants of the soul.

CHARITY RETURNED.

In all the appeals for starving Ireland, we know not that the fact alluded to in the paragraph below was ever stated. Perhaps it would not have opened the hand any wider, but it would have awakened a feeling of gratitude, it would have tempered the complacency of benevolence by the sense of justice. It is a beautiful illustration of the text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

"Nearly two centuries ago, during King Philip's war, the colonists of Massachusetts were reduced to great straits, and imploringly sought aid from Providence. From the early records of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, we learn that "*divers Christians in Ireland*" sent them relief for their distress. The descendants of these poor exiled puritan pilgrims have now the privilege of repaying the debt to the starving sons and daughters of Ireland.

AN APHORISM.

"Truths of all others the most awful and interesting, are too often considered as so true, that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the domitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors." [Coleridge.

For the Register.

CHURCH GADDING.

With every disposition to encourage freedom of enquiry into the claims of different sects, yet we cannot but see that for devotional and practical influence on the heart it is important to belong to one church, and attend it steadily. Without this we see men going about from church to church among the various denominations, and getting little nourishment to their souls on account of this very variety in the modes of administering the word of God. They are ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. With itching ears, they have hungry, unfed hearts. To-day they hear a little in favor of one system of religion. Next Sunday they will hear just as much against that view; and the two Sundays balance and just countervail one another. In the morning they are half persuaded to regard religion in one light. In the afternoon they begin to look at it in another. And in the evening, perhaps, it is presented to them in yet another. And the preachers may all insist that theirs is the only genuine soul-saving form—in every other the gospel is a poison instead of being a medicine.

Thus these hearers' minds are kept just in equilibrium all the time, perplexed and wavering, and they settle down upon nothing. A connexion with almost any church would be better than this. For though that church might teach some errors, yet as Christian virtue is the great end with all, it would take care somehow or other to counteract these errors, when of a practical character, by some countervailing principle. Hear any one preacher Sunday after Sunday, whatever his creed, and by the end of the year we will have heard a tolerably good, complete and consistent code of Christian duty. But hear one once, and another once, and a third once, and they may teach falsehood and encourage to sin. They may leave a false, because an imperfect impression on the mind. They may give us, for instance, the indulgent and consolatory part of their system, while we never go again to hear the rigid and stringent part. What is any error but half a truth? What is any vice but the wrong side of a virtue? Hear the whole of a system. Beware of half truths. Systematic teaching is the only teaching that will edify. Even the words of the Holy Writ may enjoin all unrighteousness when taken out of their connexion, and inflict unspeakable pain in the very passages meant to soothe the bleeding heart. Jesus said "Woe unto you." Did he mean woe unto all? Jesus said "Blessed are ye." Did he mean that there was blessedness for all? Paul wrote, "Be ye angry." If we stop here it is a permission of wrath. But if we add to it, as he did, "and sin not," it is a prohibition of wrath.

Let us suppose one of the wanderers who, instead of upholding and being upheld by one particular church, are found, at different times, hanging about the porticos of all the churches—particularly every new one—let us suppose him to hear a Congregationalist preach. As one argument for a future state, the preacher is dwelling on the inequalities of men's lots, and the seeming inequitableness of the retributions of this life. The righteous are sometimes oppressed; the wicked sometimes come off triumphant, and having seared consciences, suffer but little, but seem at times actually to be rewarded by fortune for their wickedness. This is that part of the argument the preather has come to, perhaps, in a systematic course of sermons—the occasion dwells principally on this, intending in the afternoon to give the completement of the topic, namely, a future retribution, making all right. But that stray hearer never comes to the same church twice successively, and in the afterpoon of that day attends a Universalist church. Here the minister is disproving a future retribution. He laughs to scorn the idea. He urges that only get safely through this world, and you are sure of happiness in the next. What is the moral impression produced on the hearer by what he has heard that day? A doubly false and dangerous one, doubly stamped into his mind. For he was told in one place that sin might escape punishment in this life, and he was told in the other that sin would escape punishment in the next. Put the two together, and it follows that sin may never be punished, either here or hereafter. The half truth he heard in the morning from the Congregationalist was false and dangerous for want of the other half of it; and then *this* unfortunate misapprehension was confirmed by hearing in the afternoon *one* of the Universalist principles without hearing another, namely, that the sin will not be punished in another life, it will be assuredly in this. The latter is as much a part of Universalism as the former, though this is sometimes overlooked by those who only know that there is a doctrine called Universalism, that is, the salvation of all men, and take encouragement therefrom to continue in sin. If they were consistent and whole hearted in their Universalism, hearing the whole and believing the whole of the doctrine, it might not be so bad; for though both parts seem to me errors, yet they are errors that tend to counteract one another; and out of the two errors might be drawn one true lesson, viz: that sin is sure to be adequately punished some time or other, and virtue is unquestionably the only policy. On such a fundamental question, alas when the A. M. preaches against the P. M., and the P. M. hurls back the argument thunderingly against the A. M., instead of harmonizing like two loving pulpit colleagues.

The next Sunday our straggler directs his attention to two more churches. He enters an Episcopal church, and the subject is the resurrection of the dead. He hears that the same bodies which were buried must be taken up out of their graves, and this is the hope of immortality Christ gives. He afterwards hears a more transcendental spiritualist, who derides and disproves materialism. The incorporeal spirit alone is to live forever, that same incorporeal spirit which the hearer had supposed, from what he had heard the same day, to be an empty metaphysical conceit. Thus this Sunday he is preached out of his confidence in any future existence, as on the last he was preached out of his confidence in any retribution for sin. He is preached, I say, out of his *confidence*, his faith, his strong and ruling conviction, which is produced by the frequent reiteration of the same truths uncontested. He is puzzled, he is skeptical, he is unsettled in his mind. He has heard so many ingenious arguments against both materialism and immaterialism, without hearing so much, perhaps, of the positive argument for either, that he only believes enough to bewail the discomfort of not believing more. He is afraid there is no hope for him. He is afraid he shall die to live no more. He is afraid he shall never see his beloved dead again that have been swallowed by the remorseless tomb.

The next Sunday again he takes two more churches for his day's work, perhaps three. And having begun to doubt so much as to be impartial and liberal, he now goes to a meeting of unbelievers, where his doubts are perfected, and scepticism becomes mocking infidelity; at least, this is what might be expected from this roaming course from church to church and preachment to preachment, instead of taking hold and clinging to the horns of one altar.

But suppose it otherwise, suppose the man still desirous to become a christian. In an Orthodox church he is told that he will not become so till God impels him supernaturally to conversion, and it is presumption to think of doing anything of himself till then. In a Unitarian church this is disparaged as fanaticism. He is bidden to despair of experiencing any such sensible and miraculous impulses—they are all fancy, all delusion—he must be satisfied with his reason and his Bible—he must not wait to be forced into religion involuntarily and passively. Thus one tells him he commits sin if he dreams of being religious without feeling the finger of God on his heart; and the other tells him he never will feel any such thing, and he sins if he does not begin to be religious without feeling it. The poor man does not know which to believe—does not know what to do; and the probability is that he believes nothing and does nothing decisively.

I repeat, if we would know the sure and abiding comforts of religion, we must lay our hand on one altar and keep it there We ought to look around with what light we have, and judge as well as we can, which church upon the whole seems to teach most truths, and give in our adhesion to it that day, that hour, that moment. What if there be some mistakes made there? They are parts of one harmonious system of teaching in that church, and will be found, if we worship there every Sunday, corrected and counteracted by other parts before long. The object is to become better Christians. This all churches profess to aim at, and we see do effect, better or worse. This being the object, it is palpably reasonable to prefer those churches where the preaching is most practical. They are very sure in this to make no mistake, though they might err if they dealt much in the abstruse quibbles and riddles of dogmatic theology. We are all much in the dark there, and we cannot read in our Testaments that they are essential to make a practical Christian. Even if they be true the preacher of practical duties does not contradict them, for no undeniable duty can be inconsistent with any truth.

Therefore, I say, we are safest in choosing always for our church one in which the great central principles at the heart of Christianity form the staple of the preaching. There can be no error in these, for all sects agree in them. We can add to them in our own minds what doctrines and speculations we please, and yet be edified in hearing them enforced alongside of brethren who add to them in their minds different doctrines and speculations.

Joining ourselves to such a church, our minds will be at peace, our hearts in comfort, and our souls will grow steadily, equably and symmetrically in grace, till they are fitted to join the one church above, harmonious and unanimous, though composed of every kindred, and tongue, and people and nation.

H. G. E.

For the Register.

[illegible] FOR DISHONESTY, CONT.

Mr. Editor,—We, in this part of the country, though *apparently* but a short remove from your vicinity, yet deserve special aid and sympathy from the A. U. Association, and the ministers of Boston and the neighborhood, in our endeavors to spread what we consider the true faith. Although not so powerful a body as you are, we have always worked faithfully, and though we might have done more, yet have no reason to complain of what we have already accomplished. We have already established an Association in our midst, which we hope will be effectual for much good, and we have afforded essential aid to weak Societies in distant and isolated parts of the country. We are ever willing to do *our share* of the work that is to be done, and would do more if we could. But we cannot do *all*. For we ourselves are not independent. We must still be permitted to look to the *Great Fountain Head*, and direct the attention and sympathies of the brethren there to such objects as demand more aid than our limited means can furnish.

The object of this letter is to direct attention to the attempt now being made to form a Unitarian Society at Bridgeport, Conn. A lady—resident of the place, herself a zealous Unitarian, and a most warm-hearted and benevolent woman is the originator of the movement. She has, with a most liberal spirit, furnished a piece of ground in a pleasant and favorable part of the city for a church, and intends to erect the building at her own expense. And more than this, she has already commenced her labors to form the society. Arrangements have been made by which the City Hall has been obtained as a place of worship for the present. The Rev. Frederick A. Farley, of Brooklyn, has preached there for two Sundays, and, we understand, with flattering success. All that has been done so far has been the result of the lady's *unassisted* efforts. But these will not avail to accomplish her benevolent project. It has been found that regular preaching cannot be had unless our Ministers and Associations will take the matter in hand, and *make it a point*, promptly and energetically to assist her and her friends there. For though she has done all that *one* can do, she has been disappointed in her engagements, and the congregation—many having come from a distance—have been obliged to return home, after having assembled, without enjoying the privilege of worship, on account of the non-arrival of the expected minister. Such disappointments are highly unfavorable in their effects in the formation of a new Society. If people see that there is an uncertainty about the arrangements for preaching, and that there is no regularity in the performance of divine service, their interest *will be* impaired, and their energy and zeal will slacken, if they are not destroyed. The consequences may be serious. It is obvious that this regularity is *essential* to success. If those to whom I have before referred will lend a helping hand to their friends at Bridgeport, all irregularities or disappointments may in future be avoided.

One thing I think is certain: that there is an abundant supply of *material* in the place for the formation of the new Society. There are a number of the Unitarian faith in the city and the vicinity, as well as many *unconscious Unitarians*. And many more, once having heard the gospel preached in its true simplicity, would gladly renounce the faith that has been so long distasteful to them, and join in that form of worship they feel to be akin to their own souls. There is no doubt whatever of the *material*, or of the need of a society. *But our friends must have assistance and sympathy.* We will not be behind in furnishing our full share of each, though it may be small, and we will look *to our brethren to the eastward* for a share corresponding to their greater means.

All this, while it is due to our faith, will gladden the hearts and encourage the faith of our Bridgeport brethren, while "*that warm heart*" will be filled with joy and gladness to see and know that her friends are sympathizing with her in her noble endeavor, and that one of the dearest projects of her heart is about to be realized. Let her praiseworthy zeal inspire the same zeal in others. Let her receive the sympathy and encouragement she so richly deserves. Let her and her friends possess that privilege they so greatly yearn after—their own cherished mode of worship—and let our faith be further extended and more strongly established, by the faithful efforts its friends should ever be ready to make on its behalf.

We are confident that a plain statement of the position of things at Bridgeport is all that is needed to gain the hearty co-operation and sympathy of our friends in Boston.

We can assure every brother who may be willing to labor one or more Sundays in the place, *of a warm and hearty reception from our "lady patroness,"* and of the exhibition of such a zeal as will convince him that though separated from the majority of our brethren, yet that our friends at Bridgeport are all on fire for the work. If this letter shall attract the attention and excite the sympathy of the Boston ministers and its most active laymen towards the object of which it speaks, the object of the writer will have been gained, and he will be fairly entitled to the claim of a participation in the establishment of the first Unitarian Society at Bridgeport, Conn.

ELEA.

New York, Aug. 27, 1847.

For the Register.

ORDINATION AT CHARLEMONT.

Mr. Editor,—Not having seen any notice of the ordination at Charlemont in your paper, as I expected, permit me to say, that Mr. George F. Clark, late of the Divinity School, was ordained on the 11th ult. as "an Evangelist in Charlemont and its vicinity." Rev. Mr. Stearns, of Rowe, presided at the Council, and Rev. Mr. Nightingale, of Cabotville was scribe. The day was very fine, and the church was filled with an attentive and interested audience.

The services were appropriate and highly gratifying. The sermon by Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston, from 2d Timothy, 3. v 7. "On the causes which prevent christians from arriving at the truth"—was a sound and practical discourse and was well adapted to the time and place.

The other services were quite interesting, and were listened to with great attention: they were as follows. Introductory Prayer, Rev. Mr. Everett, of Northfield; Reading the Scriptures, Rev. Mr. Nightingale, of Cabotsville; Ordaining prayer, by Rev. Mr. Field, of Charlemont; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Brown, of Brattleboro', Vt.; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. Mr. McIntire, of Brattleboro', Vt.; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, of Rowe.

The singing of the choir was remarkably fine, [illegible] great taste and cultivation. After the services the congregation partook of a bountiful collation at the house of Rev. Mr. Field, and listened to remarks from several gentlemen present, and music from the choir. The company then separated, carrying with them many happy recollections of a highly interesting and pleasant ordination. Mr. Clark has an interesting field before him, and he will have our prayers that his labors may be blessed.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We invite attention to the letter of Elder McKinney. The presence of the delegation of the "Christian" branch of the Church, with the Unitarian, at their meetings during the last week in May, is matter of sincere gratification. There may be points of difference, but there is agreement in leading principles, as our brother remarks. There is one doctrine however among those which he enumerates, (and only one,) on which there may not be precise agreement, although when we come to express what we do believe on the question, we can easily see, we are still one in what is of chief importance in the doctrine. He says, in his sixth article of enumeration, "You believe that Christ will come again to raise the dead and to clothe his saints with immortality." It is probably the general belief among us, that the saints are clothed with immortality, have their spiritual bodies, as soon as they depart this life. The resurrection of the dead we do not look upon, as an event to take place simultaneously, on some future great day, but we think the language of Scripture on this subject intended to set forth figuratively, the great fact of the future life. It is the *standing up again* of the dead. It is not to be the raising of the same dust and bones, any more than the *trumpet* is literally to sound. If our Christian brethren hold to the literal resurrection of the dead, do they not hold it *for the sake of the great fact of immortality* which it implies!

In respect to the second coming of Christ, we look on it generally as Channing viewed it. "Christ's outward appearance," said he, "is of little moment compared with the brighter manifestation of his spirit. The Christian whose inward eyes and ears are touched by God, discerns the coming of Christ, hears the sound of chariot wheels and the voice of his trumpet, when no other perceives them. He discerns the Savior's advent in the dawning of higher truth on the world, in new aspirations of the Church after perfection, in the prostration of prejudice and error, in brighter expressions of Christian love, in more enlightened and intense consecration of the Christian to the cause of humanity, freedom, and Religion, Christ comes in the conversion, the regeneration, the emancipation of the world."

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For the Register.

Mr. Editor: Dear Sir, I seize a few passing moments, in order to address you a letter which you are at liberty to publish (if you think it will be interesting to your readers) in your valuable and ably conducted paper. The objects I have in view, in writing this communication, are as follows. *First*, to acknowledge the reception of two numbers of the "Christian Register," kindly sent to my address. Be assured they were thankfully received. They came to hand freighted with essays, full of pathos, full of common sense facts, truths correspondent with reason. I would further state, that while on a journey or preaching tour through the North West of Illinois in May last, I received quite a number of tracts published by your society; and also several numbers of the Monthly Miscellany of 1840; the contents of which, so far as I have examined, please me well. They exhibit the intellectual strength of those who have placed their pens on the distinctive peculiarities, which mark the difference between true and false theology.

I wish, moreover, to make a few remarks on the union of effort, that has been made, and is now making, and I hope will continue to be made, between the Unitarian Church, and the Christian Church, in order to spread Christianity in its native simplicity; free from unscriptural and unsolvable phrases, which bewilder the mind, and hide from view the *unity*, *beauty*, and *fitness* of the Christian scheme. This union of effort I am decidedly in favor of; and among many reasons that might be assigned, will select only one for the present. Our religious sentiments are quite, if not altogether the same on those points of theology that I regard as the pillars of Christianity. 1st. You believe there is one God: so do we. 2nd. You believe God sent his only son to redeem man: so do we. 3d. You believe that the son of God tasted death for every man: so do we. 4th. You believe that Christ arose from the dead: so do we. 5th. You believe that Christ ascended up on high, to appear in the presence of God for us: so do we. 6th. You believe that Christ will come again to raise the dead, and to clothe his saints with immortality: so do we. Then on these points we are a *unit*; and not only on these six, but many more! It is true, we may differ in our views on some points, yet I am as well satisfied that this difference is not sufficient to hinder us from co-operating in the great work of salvation. I would write more on this subject; but must desist for want of room. I may hereafter speak my mind more fully.

I pass now to speak of the extensive field opened in this country for *Missionary* operations. The writer of this communication is constantly receiving the most pressing invitations to preach, ranging in distance from 20 to 100 miles from his residence. With a number of these calls he cannot comply. We have a number of ministers in the West; but they are generally poor men, who must labor on the farm or in the workshop in order to procure a living. They are also in general destitute of libraries; and if they had them, some would not have time to read, so as to store their minds with useful knowledge. Could our eastern brethren send some Missionaries to western Indiana, men of piety and ability, they doubtless could do much good. Or could those who are already located here be furnished with good libraries, and sustained, so that their whole time might be devoted to the work of the Ministry, much more good could be done than what is now done by the same number. Will our Christian friends in the east take into consideration the propriety of immediate Missionary efforts being made in the West? Our country is fast rising in the scale of intellect, and soon the doors that are now opened, will be occupied by those who "teach for doctrine, the commandments of men." But I will say no more on this interesting subject, as I wish to speak of still another.

You are doubtless in possession of the fact, that the Conference to which I belong has agreed to open a correspondence, by delegation, with the Unitarian Association to be held in Boston, Mass. May 1848. The object we have in view in thus acting is, to form an acquaintance—to become better acquainted with you as a religious denomination: and also that you may become better acquainted with us: and to show the world that we can and will act together in the important work of reforming man. You are aware that the writer of this was appointed to attend your Association as a delegate. This appointment I willingly accepted for the following reason. I have an anxious desire to attend such a meeting in your city, for I shall enjoy the privilege of becoming acquainted with a number of ministers whose names through the medium of their writings have become quite familiar. Yes, brother, such a privilege would gratify me beyond expression. There is nothing that will prevent me from attending your Association but sickness, or want of means to pay the expense of such a journey. I hope providence will favor so that neither of these obstructions will be in the way.

One word on another subject, and I will close this letter,—I mean education. I hail the Meadville school as a light that will mark a new era in our history as a denomination. Gladly would I attend that Institution, had I the means. I want education! I want education! Yes I thirst for it—I have been battering the clouds of ignorance for the last five or six years, yet I hope to break through them; and if I cannot enter the temple of science, I hope to drink of the waters that gurgle at its base. I have just room to say, that Elder J. Thomas has received a letter from Rev. A. H. Conant of Geneva, Kane Co. Ill., in which he proposes to furnish us with some books and tracts, which proposal was readily accepted. Your brother,

A. L. McKinney.

Lebanon, Ind.

For the Register.

ORDINATION.

The Rev. George M. Bartol was ordained as Minister of the First Church of the Christian Society, in Lancaster, Mass., on Wednesday, the 4th inst:—

Prayer, by Mr. White of Littleton.

Selections from the Scriptures, by Mr. Hale of Worcester.

Sermon, by Mr. Bartol of Boston.

Prayer of Ordination, by Mr. Allen of Northboro'.

Right Hand of Fellowship, by Mr. Thayer of Beverly.

Charge, by Mr. Hill of Worcester.

Prayer, by Mr. Frothingham of Salem.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Remarks on the Harvard Triennial. We wish the valuable statistical information at the end of this little pamphlet had either been incorporated with the Triennial itself, or had come before the public without an introduction of so great a sprinkling of personal feeling.

Littell's Living Age, No. 173.

Christian Examiner, September No.

We have not the time, this week, to make any just criticisms. The initials of the writers, if they have written up to their usual mark, give promise of a good Number.

COLLEGIATE RECORD.

Middlebury College. The anniversary of this institution was celebrated on the 29th ult.

Fourteen young men received their first degree as graduates, and two their master's degree. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Jonathan Clement, of Topsham, Me., Rev. Henry Smith, President of Marietta College, and Rev. Wm. H. Lewis, Rector of Trinity Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Amherst College. The Commencement of this institution was held on Thursday, Aug. 12.

The addresses on Wednesday were, to the literary Societies by Charles Sumner, Esq., of Boston; to the Alumni by Rev. Jonathan Leavitt of Providence; and to the Society of Inquiry by Rev. William Adams, D. D., of New York.

The graduating class was unusually small. Several of the performances were of a high order.

The degree of A. B. was conferred on the members of the graduating class, numbering about twenty, and that of A. M. in regular course on ten or twelve members of the class of 1844. Two honorary A. M. degrees were also conferred. The degree of D. D. was awarded to Rev. Nehemiah Adams of Boston, and Rev. Mr. Worcester of Salem. The only degree of L. L. D. awarded, was conferred on Professor James B. Dana of Lowell.

Two new Professors were appointed, viz: Rev. H. B. Smith of Amesbury, to succeed the late Prof. Fiske; and Prof. Charles B. Adams, of Middlebury College, to the Professorship of Astronomy.

Yale College. Dr. Fitch in his Baccalaureate sermon, stated that during his ministry of 30 years, more than twenty-five hundred graduates had gone forth, of whom less than three hundred had yet been removed by death.

On Monday and Tuesday 51 applicants out of sixty-six were admitted.

The anniversary of the Theological Department took place on Wednesday afternoon. There were twelve speakers. The Graduating Class numbered twenty-four, of whom two or three are intending to go to the foreign field, and several more have chosen the West as their sphere of labor.

Thursday was the day for the exercises of the Graduating Class. The number of graduates was 124, of whom thirty-five appeared upon the stage, with orations or dissertations. This is the largest class that ever graduated in America. The whole number connected with the class at different times is 182. The greatest number connected with it at any one time is 143.

The degree of L. L. D. was conferred upon his Excellency, Governor Bissel, Hon. Thomas Day of Hartford, and Hon. Horatio Seymour of Vermont. No D. D.'s have been conferred at Yale College for some years past.

The Law Professorships were filled by the appointment of Governor Bissel and Henry Dutton, Esq. of Bridgeport.

It was also determined to organize a new department in the university for the purpose of enabling graduates and others to pursue studies not preparatory to the professions of Law, Medicine or Theology. A professorship of Modern European Languages has also been established and partially endowed by Charles Bristed, Esq. of New York, and Prof. Schell DeVere, now of the University of Virginia, was elected to fill the chair.

It has been decided by the Corporation to have annual public exercises connected with the Law School—a law commencement.

The old "President's House," which has so long disfigured the College Green, is soon to be removed from its present position, and the whole of the College grounds thrown into one square. [Boston Recorder.

Williams College. This day (Wednesday, 18th) opened upon this beautiful valley and upon the magnificent mountains around with a peculiar charm.

The Oration before the Alumni was given at the close of the A. M. exercises by Rev. J. E. Woodbridge.

His Excellency, George N. Briggs, was chosen orator for the year 1847.

The Degree of A. B., was conferred upon 97.

The Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, the blind preacher of Spencertown, Columbia County, N. Y. was made D. D. This was the *only* degree of this kind that was conferred.

The new Library building, erected by the munificence of Amos Lawrence, Esq., of Boston, and called *Lawrence Hall*, is so far completed that the books of the library, some 4,000 volumes, are arranged on its shelves, surmounted by a full-length likeness of Mr. Lawrence, procured by the Trustees. It is an octagon of fifty feet in diameter, built in the most substantial manner, and the interior room is finished in the best style of workmanship, presenting proportions the most beautiful and perfect. An additional college building is almost finished, and will probably be ready for use at the opening of the next term. [Puritan.

Baptist Theological Seminary, Newton. We learn that only seven young men graduated at the recent anniversary, Aug. 18, and that the number pursuing theological studies is not larger than it was ten years ago.

Waterville. The annual Commencement of this college, occured on Wednesday, the 11th inst. Number of graduates, 18. No honorary degrees were conferred.

Vermont University. The commencement took place, Aug. 4. The occasion was distinguished as is usual by a pretty liberal gathering of Alumni of the College, friends and literary gentlemen from abroad. The performances of the graduating class, were regarded as creditable to themselves and their Professors. Twenty-nine received their first degree.

The New York Recorder states that at the close of the commencement President Wheeler tendered his resignation to the Trustees, as did also Prof. Benedict. The Trustees meet again in a few days to decide on the subject. It seems that this measure was unexpected on the part of some, but not of all.

Dartmouth. The order of exercises on commencement day was much in the usual style. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Isaac Robinson of Stoddard, N. H.

Forty-seven young gentlemen of the graduating class took the A. B. degree. [Claremont Eagle.

OBITUARIES.

MISS HENRIETTA HOWE.

Died, in Bolton, the 22d. ult., Henrietta Howe, only daughter of John and Abigail Sawyer, aged twenty-three.

This young lady whose death was so unexpected, was distinguished by meekness and good nature, by domestic affections uncommonly strong; by frank ingenuousness and warm attachment to friends; by thoughtfulness of their happiness even more than for her own. A quiet, but untiring energy marked her character. Not an incident occurs to the writer's recollection, to mar the beautiful harmony of unvaried cheerfulness, kindness and active usefulness of her short life. Though sheltered in the bosom of her family from all outward storms, by kind parents and brothers, yet she had just views of the ends and aims of life, and was ready to pay with cheerfulness the price at which its rewards are to be bought. Her self-forgetfulness will be most sacredly cherished in the memory of her surviving friends. The only tears she ever caused to flow were those shed at her early death. She was not ambitious of distinction save that which springs from a blameless life: therefore the shades of despondency rarely settled upon her brow. Her faith though unobtrusive, was rational and firm. She was an activ[illegible]

teacher in the Sabbath school, and a successful one in the rudiments of education. The light and ornament of the household, her cheerful and affectionate smile has vanished from her home, and left it in shadow; gently has the spirit been released from the suffering frame. The struggle is over and death has given a new value to all that was excellent and endearing in her character. The serene beauty of her loving spirit cannot pass away from a father's, mother's, friend's, and brother's heart. But she has gone to converse with the unseen and eternal—to a home which is a more fit dwelling place than that which she has left. May God who suffers not a sparrow to fall without his notice, cause light to spring out of the darkness.

MARY F. BELL.

Died in Somerville, Aug. 22d. of Dysentery, MARY F. daughter of Dr. S. V. and Frances Bell, aged 10 years.

Though early called to her celestial home, it is a solace to her friends that her life had so beautifully answered life's great end. The past year or two had witnessed the developement of her mental and moral nature in most harmonious proportions.

Her truthfulness, her nice sense of right and her delicate regard for the feelings and wishes of others, stood prominent in the catalogue of her virtues; and deserve to be seriously pondered by many of riper years. It is not remembered that she ever deviated from the exact truth; and as a natural effect her fidelity to the right was uncompromising, and an intuitive perception of what was due to all with whom she had to do was her peculiar inheritance. But the crowning attribute of her character was goodness, and goodness is generous and diffusive; it is expansiveness of soul, and sweetness of temper;—in fine it is the foundation of all virtue.

She has fulfilled her mission here, and her spirit has winged its way to a holier sphere,

"Where fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given!"

Death is a decree of the Almighty to which all must bow, but it is granted to the good and virtuous only to die well.

She rests amid the hallowed shades of Mt. Auburn, and that consecrated home has added a new gem to her ever multiplying treasures. The hand of friendship will often press her grave, and as memory calls up her virtues, the tear of affection will flow from many a sorrowing heart.

MRS. MARIA THERESA BOARDMAN.

Died, at Athens, Ga., on the 15th ult., MRS. MARIA, wife of J. M. Boardman, of Macon, Ga., and daughter of Jos. L. Lord, of Brookiyn, æt, 34 years.

The friends of this most excellent woman have met with no common loss in her death. Few of her sex at her age have exhibited a more finished and beautiful character, built up and matured as it was through the all-pervading influence of a lively religious faith, and Christian principle. She was strongly attached to our peculiar views of the Gospel, and warmly avowed and cherished them. But in the place where she had for many years lived, there was no church of our denomination, and she was compelled to choose between those of other sects. She became and remained a regular attendant on Episcopal worship; and the letter in which some time since, she stated and explained her position in this respect, did equal credit to her head and heart. While marked with all the decision which the firmest conviction of the truth of her own religious views could inspire, it breathed a spirit of saintly charity towards those from whom she differed, and expressed the sincerest gratitude that there was still a church at hand, though in many respects of a different faith and order, at which she would be welcome. The Rector of that church, the Rev. Mr. Shanklin, in a letter to her bereaved father, from which we have been permitted to copy below, in paying a deserved tribute to her memory, has shown himself to be possessed of that enlarged and noble spirit of the Gospel, which lifts its possessor above the trammels of sect, and enables him to recognize and do justice to Christian character wherever found. We honor this spirit too much, to be willing that any example of it should fail of notice, such examples being, alas! too rare. We hail and greet every such example with heartfelt joy. And we are, therefore, specially glad in the present case, while availing ourselves of the testimony to the worth of our departed friend, to show our readers how generously this truly Christian Pastor speaks of one, the knowledge of whose religious views as differing in important respects from his own, was never withheld from him. Thus he writes:—

"She was buried yesterday afternoon in the cemetery attached to this place, (Macon) and the very large assemblage which was present, was one evidence of the strong hold she had upon the affections of the community in which she lived. In tendering you my heartfelt sympathy in this your bereavement, I may be allowed to say, that never has it been my lot to meet with a character possessing so many excellencies. Amiable and gifted by nature, her sweet spirit of piety threw over that character new beauties. Her lovely simplicity was a passport to the hearts of the young, among whom were some of her warmest friends. Ardent and enthusiastic in her temperament, she sacrificed self to duty, whenever occasion called, and furnished to all a noble example of conscientiousness.

"As her Pastor, I had the valued privilege of an intimate acquaintance with her, and numbered her among my dearest friends. Without exaggeration, I can say, "none knew her but to love her." Her loss will be deeply felt. * * * She died as she had lived, a consistent Christian; and while we weep for her, we feel assured that our loss is her infinite gain. I will say no more; but in conclusion express the hope, that He who has sent this affliction, will enable you and all to bear it in a becoming spirit."

God be thanked, "the communion of saints" is a reality! Between such a Pastor, and such a member of his flock, this "communion," begun on earth, will be perfected in heaven!

JOHN GARDNER, ESQ.

On Wednesday, of typhus fever, JOHN GARDNER, Esq aged 77—a highly respectable citizen, and formerly an enterprising merchant. Whilst Mr. G. was engaged in commerce, he was celebrated for the beauty and model of his ships. Having been unfortunate he made a large adventure shortly before the declaration of war, in 1812, in the Marquis de Somerueios, and went himself on her voyage. His success was fully commensurate to his anticipations, and he would have again been restored to affluence, but almost in sight of his port he was captured and carried into Halifax, and all his sanguine expectations blasted, he not having been insured against a war, a risk which he had not anticipated. Mr. Gardner built, and, until his misfortune, resided in the spacious mansion on Essex street, now owned by David Pingree, Esq.—He died at the well known Gardner Farm, in North Salem, which has been his place of residence for many years. During the early part of this century, Mr. Gardner served his native town in various municipal capacities, as member of the Board of Selectmen and School Committee, and Representative to the General Court.

THE DEATH OF RAPP. George Rapp, the founder of Economy, Pa., and the greatest communist of the age, is dead. He departed this life on the 9th inst., aged 92 years. He was a native of Germany, and emigrated to this country half a century ago with a band of followers, with his own peculiar religious, political, and social views. His neice is his heiress, but as celibacy is a peculiarity of their creed, the stock will of course soon run out.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

TROUBLES IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH. A late number of the Episcopal Recorder, says:

The New York Churchman has opened the whole subject of the Onderdonk case again. It is evident that an insane attempt is to be made to have this wretched man restored to the duties of the Episcopate. The undertaking appears to us to be ai ill-judged, and we trust also, that it will be found as hopeless, as if it had its origin in Bedlam.

A correspondent of the same paper exhorts his brethren, who hate *Puseyism*, to get ready in the opening of the campaign at the next convention, in the Fall. He says.—

We know, indeed, it was declared by the last General Convention that it had nothing to do with these matters. But we know also that multitudes, all over our church, received this declaration with equal astonishment and grief. Why, if the General Convention of her church,—her highest tribunal, her ultimate authority, her sovereign head on earth, has nothing to do with a matter which is rending her unity, destroying her peace, and exposing her alike to pity and to scorn,—whither shall we go for redress? We must perish in our corruption.

He proceeds:

Again: why have not all the agents, principal and subordinate, in our late popish ordinations, been called to account for these monstrous outrages against our Protestant Church?

We doubt not there are left even now more than "seven thousand—all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal." Let then the friends of evangelical truth, all over the church, open a correspondence with each other, and compare views and get ready for combined action.

And especially ought there not to be just before the next General Convention, a meeting of those members of that body who grieve over our present troubles, that they may go into it prepared to act together wisely and efficiently?—and not, as it too often has been in times past, suffer themselves to be defeated by a crafty minority, through their own want of mutual understanding and settled views in respect to the course which ought to be pursued.

Another great duty devolves on the friends of evangelical truth. Ought they not, with much and careful consultation to prepare and publish a *revised* Book of Common Prayer? There are too many, at least apparent, grounds for popish errorists to stand upon in some parts of the Prayer Book. It is vain to deny this. Puseyites confidently appeal to these grounds, and the friends of evangelical truth cannot here make a perfectly triumphant defence. Honesty is always the best policy. It is ever wise and right to acknowledge our errors and reform them.

TROUBLE FROM THEIR NEWSPAPERS The following article from the Puritan shows the trouble that is arising among the Episcopalians in regard to Newspapers:

The Episcopal denomination has a larger number of newspapers than any other. And as several of these take opposite sides of the questions that agitate that church, their discussions create a seeming want of unity in the church. Now to obviate this difficulty in a body that holds uniformity to be so indispensable, the convention of the diocese of Georgia, at the suggestion of their bishop, Elliot, have recommended the establishment of one newspaper, to be conducted under the authority of the church—to be confined to the publication of intelligence only, and to displace all the papers now published under the patronage of churchmen.

ALARM FOR THE CHERISHED INSTITUTION.—Thus speaks the Southern Baptist:

The fact is most glaringly palpable, that a crisis in the history of southern christians has arrived, which renders it the imperious duty of all southern christian patriots to meet promptly and energetically. All the indications are that the time is at hand when Christians at the south must assume higher responsibilities. There is not published beyond the limits of the South, a book, pamphlet, review, magazine, tract, periodical or newspaper, whether religious, political or commercial, which is not tinged more or less, if it be possible to introduce the subject, with something bearing directly or remotely against the Southern Social System. The poisonous influence of such insidious infusion of principles, antagonistic to our institutions, into the popular mind, and especially if instilled into the mind of the rising generation will eventually be felt.—The principles of our institutions have been demonstrated most ably to be scriptural and politically constitutional; but there is a more powerful influence exerted upon the sentimentality of a people, which undermines gradually, almost imperceptibly but not less certainly, the foundations of public opinion. We feel too secure. We are not adequately sensible of our dangers. Dangers there are—it must not be disguised; and it behoves southern christians not only ecclesiastically and religiously to prepare themselves for self protection, but politically to maintain that balance of power which is now, more than ever in our political history, dangerously jeopardized. We are no alarmists, and yet a note of alarm cannot be too soon or too loudly sounded throughout the whole slaveholding territory. Enemies are in our midst—they belong to all nations—they are untiring and most subtle. Some are fanatical, some are political, some religious, some infidel, some unprincipled, but a more dangerous and most numerous class are learned, conscientious, and most politic and ingenious, and are doing the mischief. Let us prepare fot the worst.

ROMISH CHURCH DEBTS. Bishop Hughes of New York says:—

"A great hindrance to the progress of our religion in the State of New York is the enormous *load of debt* which weighs upon the Catholic churches. It amounts to over $300,000. This paralyzes all the efforts of our people to engage in *further* undertakings."

COST OF BISHOP SOUTHGATE'S OPERATIONS. The Protestant Churchman publishes the statistics of this hopeful and amiable enterprise at Constantinople, during the past year, at $3,721 71, exclusive of the $756 more of the present quarter's remittance yet to be made. What the Bishop has to show of actual results which are at all creditable to him, or the denomination which he bleeds so freely, we do not find. [Presbyterian.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY. The New York Commerical states, that at the monthly meeting of the Board, it appeared that the receipts for July, were $22,000, and the disbursements over $25,000; that the issues of Bibles and Testaments, for the same period, were upwards of 79,000 copies, in nineteen different languages. Never before were so many issued in one month, and the demand is likely to increase.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has accepted the invitation of the Plymouth Congregational Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., to become their pastor, and is expected to commence his labors in October.

SECULAR SUMMARY.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT. The Transcript of Tuesday evening contains the Valedictory Address of Miss Cordelia W. Walter, who has had the editorial charge of the paper for the past five years. The Daily Advertiser, alluding to the editorial fraternity, of which she now takes her leave, says,—"A community in which she has been honored, because she was an honor to it."

It is gratifying to the friends of the Transcript, to have assurance in the character and ability of Miss Walter's successor, that the respectable character of the paper is to be sustained. Mr. Epes Sargent, well known as an author, and not unskilled in editorial duties, is now to take charge of the paper. We heartily wish him and the proprietors of the Transcript the success they so well deserve.

DEATH OF HON. SILAS WRIGHT. We learn, by the Ogdensburg Republican of the 27th ult., that the Hon. Silas Wright, formerly Governor of New York State, and late a member of the United States Senate, died suddenly, of apoplexy, at his residence in Canton N. Y., about 10 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, in the 53d year of his age. He was taken ill at the Post Office, which he visited at half-past eight o'clock in his usual health. He walked home, but a short distance, and though for a time relieved, he soon grew worse and expired.

MEXICO. We have little news of importance from the seat of war. The event of the greatest importance is the return of Signor Paredes, who has been some time in France. What effect it may have on the state of our relations with Mexico, it is impossible to say.

MECHANICS ASSOCIATION. The Fifth Exhibition of Manufactures and Products of the Useful Arts, under the direction of the Mechanic Association, was announced some months since, to take place on the 15th inst. Preparations for the Exhibition are now in progress at Faneuil and Quincy Hall.

FROM ENGLAND. The English steamship Guadalquiver arrived at New York, from Liverpool, on Sunday morning last. The news is to the 14th ult. Both corn and cotton have fallen in price. Money is scarce, and there have been heavy failures.

Parliament had been prorogued to the 12th of October. Peace was re-established in Portugal. The King of Holland did not intend to abdicate the throne. A new ministry has been formed in Belgium.

LATER NEWS FROM EUROPE. The steamship Caledonia arrived at this port on Wednesday evening, 1st inst. She sailed from Liverpool on the 19th ult.

The pressure in the money market still continued in England.

The prospect of the crops continued good, though some unfavorable reports were spread, in regard to the potatoes.

The Queen and Prince Albert are on a visit to Scotland.

PRAISEWORTHY. The Post of the 14th, after relating the circumstances of the loss of the schooner Camilla, run down by the tow boat R. B. Forbes, and the admission of the captain of the schooner, who had lost his all, that the steamer was not to blame, adds:

In possession of these facts, Captain Forbes and Thomas Lamb, Esq., the managing committee of the boat, called a meeting of the owners, and laid these particulars before them, and, to their honor be it recorded, the meeting unanimously agreed that Captain Nickerson should lose nothing by his disaster, and authorized the committee to act accordingly. Capt. Forbes and Mr. Lamb then gave orders to have the schooner raised and repaired, to sell at suction her damaged cargo, and have it replaced by new, and also that the schooner's master and crew should remain on board the steamer until their own vessel was ready. When Capt. Nickerson heard this decision, the tears of gratitude dimmed his eyes, and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, "This is indeed kind, very kind. I laid down last night poor as a beggar; this morning I am as rich as a prince. God bless these kind gentlemen, and may they never know what it is to want, themselves."

By this act of noble disinterestedness, the owners of the steamer R. B. Forbes, have done honor to themselves, and have made glad the heart of a poor man, whose hope was "ready to perish."

INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE. At the meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen of Boston, on Tuesday, a communication was received from Alexander Vattemare, Esq., French Consul, accompanied by a collection of valuable books, presented in behalf of his native city, Paris, "consisting of curious and valuable works, relating to the history and industrial statistics and regulations of Paris; to her civil, humane and charitable institutions, her systems of sewers, drainage, water works, and other matters of interest and practical importance." The present was received, and a Committee, consisting of the Mayor, Aldermen Wetmore and Parker, appointed to consider what acknowledgement and return should be made for the very valuable and beautiful donation.

MR. CLAY, in his address to a Committee of Invitation from New York city, remarked that it had often been his lot to drink the bitter waters of affliction under circumstances like the present. Of six as lovely and beloved daughters as ever blessed a father's heart, not one has been spared to solace the evening of his life. All have been snatched away in childhood, or in early womanhood; yet this last blow has stricken me more severely than any other. I was rendered by it melancholy, restless, despondent.

How could I remain where everything bore mournful witness to my bereavement? where the trees which shaded me had been planted by my departed son?—where the memorials of his life and his love met me at every step? I turned from my home and its saddening influences to seek afar that solace which has denied me.

FATE OF SEMMES. The Charlottesville Republican gives the following account of the sad fate of Semmes, the young man who shot Prof. Davis, some years since, at the Virginia University:—"We learn from an authentic source that Joseph G. Semmes brought his life to an end by his own hand, the morning of the 9th inst. at the house of his brother in Washington, Ga. He shot himself with a pistol, the ball entering the left eye and penetrating the brain, and lingered in a state of total insensibility from about 7 o'clock A. M., when the family was called to his room by the report of a pistol, until half-past 1 P. M. of the same day. A pistol was lying across his lap, and on the table was an open razor. On the table was found also a note, stating, in the form of a certificate, dated July 9th, 1847, that his death was occasioned by himself, and was brought about either by pistol or razor.

A CONGRESS OF NATIONS. It is proposed that a congress of the representatives from all commercial countries should assemble at Brussels, in the kingdom of Belgium, during the month of September next, to take into consideration the whole question of the influence of free trade and protection upon the relations of nations, and their mutual interests. Already many distinguished representatives from England, France, Germany, and Italy have given notice of their intention to take part in the discussions, and an invitation to the citizens of this country to be present by their representatives has been given.

A GREAT CONSERVATIVE TRIUMPH. The Convention now sitting in the State of Illinois, for the purpose of revising the Constitution of that State, have agreed to incorporate a provision therein by which the right of voting is restricted to *citizens*, instead of extending it as heretofore to *inhabitants*. Quite an exciting debate proceeded the adoption of this provision, which was finally carried by yeas 81, nays 60.

ROBERT DALE OWEN. The Louisville Journal attributes the surprising defeat of this gentleman to his infidel sentiments. It says:

"We have been looking for some such result ever since we were informed of the course pursued by his opponent in the canvass. Judge Embree, restrained by no feeling of false delicacy, assailed Owen at every vulnerable point, (and he is vulnerable all over) without mercy. He had files of the Free Inquirer, the atheistical paper that Owen formerly edited and published in the city of New York in conjunction with the notorious Fanny Wright, and read copiously from them. He also read "elegant extracts" from his book entitled "Moral Physiology." As Owen has never repudiated the wretched doctrines inculcated in these works, and as he, for anything that the public is aware of, still cherishes the opinions he then endeavored to enforce, Judge Embree's expositions had prodigious effect. Owen writhed under the torture, grew furious, and did everything but deny his infidelity. The defeat of such a man is a moral triumph, and we congratulate the friends of Christianity and good morals on it."

FROM JAMAICA. The plan of Coolie has proved an entire failure. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been squandered to bring to the Island a class of persons wholly unfitted for useful labor. The Chairman of the Quarter Sessions at St. Thomas-in-the-East, in his address to the Grand Jury, says:

"The highways and places of public resort were crowded with these wretched creatures in the last and worst stages of destitution, squalor, filth, disease and dejection. Clothing they had, for the most part, none, and covering barely sufficient to pay tribute to the decencies of Nature, totally inadequate to meet the decorums of society."

UNCONSTITUTIONAL LAWS IN THE SLAVE STATES. The Mobile Herald of the 1st inst., says that a magistrate has committed to jail eleven free men of color, composing the crew of the ship Ambassador. The captain was also obliged to pay the costs, and give bond in the sum of $2000 to carry these men away from the State, according to the laws made and provided in such cases. Within the past ten days Justice Wiggins has committed two other crews to jail, under similar circumstances, the whole number of men in the three cases comprising 29. Heavy penalties will, according to law, be inflicted on these men if they return to the State.

The *crime* of which, under the laws of Alabama, these men have been guilty, consists in their having a *black* skin, and being *free*. For this they are subject to fine and imprisonment whenever they may set foot within the territory of that civilized State!

In a certain instrument, once known as the Constitution of the United States, there was a provision to the effect that citizens of any one State of the Union shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of those in any other; but this, we presume, was not intended to include the independent confederation of Alabama. How long shall these things be patiently submitted to?

[Gazette and Times.

CHARGE OF RECEIVING ABOLITION PUBLICATIONS. An examination took place this morning before Justice Shelby, in the case of John C. Palley, a free colored man, who was arrested by Messrs. Zell and Ridgely, on the charge of receiving abolition papers, knowing them to be such, in violation of section 1st of the act of 1841, which provides that any free negro or mulatto who shall knowingly call for, receive, or demand from any post office in this State, or have in his possession any abolition handbill, pamphlet, newspaper, or pictorial representation of an inflammatory character, having a tendency to create discontent amongst, or stir up to insurrection the people of color of this State, shall be deemed guilty of felony, and upon conviction thereof, shall be sentenced to undergo a confinement in the Penitentiary of this State for a period of not less than ten or more than twenty years.

The specific charge against the accused in this case was the receiving, through the post office in this city, an abolition paper published in the city of New York by two colored men, and called "The Ram's Horn." It was in evidence that he had been receiving numbers of the paper for some time, but it was alleged on the part of the defence, that he could read but little, and was scarcely aware of the nature of the publication he received, which was sent to him, without solicitation, by a friend in New York. On the conclusion of the testimony the Justice held the accused to bail in the sum of $500 for his appearance before the Baltimore City Court at its next term. Frederick Pinckney, Esq., appeared on the part of the State, and S. Barnett, Esq., on the part of the defence. [Baltimore Patriot.

SLAVE LABOR. Mr. Bruce of North Carolina in an Agricultural Lecture, has openly avowed his conviction of the unprofitableness of slave labor, as at present employed in Virginia and North Carolina, and earnestly advises that the policy should be speedily adopted of sending the slaves in large numbers to the more Southern States. The Richmond Times says, that Mr. B. is a large slaveholder, who travelled in the South, with a view to the acquirement of accurate information, and all who know him will have confidence that the results of his observation are highly worthy of reliance.—Without assenting to his arguments in all their extent, it adds, "We must say, that his conclusions are such as must at some early day be forced upon the minds of the planters and farmers of our State."

We have no doubt that free labor in Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, and Texas,—one half of it at least,—would prove many times more profitable than Slave labor, but the policy of "sending slaves" south, is so questionable, that we hope the Planters will hit upon some plan whereby emancipation may be instituted instead of sale. Kentucky has voted to hold a convention with a view of revising the State constitution, and it is not too much to expect of such a State, that she will take a safe lead and make a good example for more ultra States to follow. Why not adopt the plan of the old free States in getting rid of slavery altogether. [Pittsburgh Gazette.

CELEBRATION OF THE LELAND FAMILY. On Wednesday of last week, the descendants of Henry Leland, assembled at Sherburne to erect a monument to his memory. Henry Leland was one of that noble army of regicides, who found liberty and safety in this western world during the Commonwealth of England.

His lineal descendants, according to previous concert, assembled from the length and breadth of the land; some from the far South, and some from the East, and some from the West, making from 1,200 to 2000 persons in all. Rev. Baron Stow, D. D. pastor of the Baldwin place Church, of this city, who is one of the family, delivered an address to the "kindred of Henry Leland," upon *the perpetuity and importance of individual influence*.

At the monument, around which the assembly gathered after the discourse was closed, an address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Adams of Brunswick, Me., also one of the family of Lelands.

After the monument was let down into its bed of granite, the procession again formed, and moved to a large tent, where a collation was provided. Scarcely had they entered, before a cloud, which had been rising, dark and portentous, poured down torrents of rain upon the canvassed multitude, who found the canvass a vast seive, every where filtrating the water. Like the Israelites, in their feast of the passover, they were compelled to eat standing, ready to save themselves from the rills of water which descended in every direction upon the children of the Leland family beneath.

The rain being over, the sun shone out in all its splendor. The Hon. Millard Filmore, of Buffalo, N. Y., in the right of his wife, who sat next to him, at the head of the table, now rose and made an excellent speech, of which we only heard the beginning, being compelled to take out the ladies under our care to dry. So ends our notice of the Leland celebration. It was a grand affair—well worthy of the old Puritan and his race. [Boston Journal.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.—*Meeting of the Alumni.*—The Annual Meeting of the Alumni of Brown University, was held yesterday morning, (Tuesday,) in Manning Hall. The attendance was large, and an increasing interest was manifested in the objects of the association. Professor Gammell, from the Committee appointed to prepare obituary notices of graduates deceased during the year, reported the names of nineteen regular graduates and four honorary graduates, with very interesting and appropriate notices. Remarks were also made by Rev. Dr. Wayland, Rev. Dr. Babcock, Dr. Tobey, Mr. Payne, and several other gentlemen. After the transaction of the usual business the Society adjourned.

The Celebration of the United Brothers Philermenian Societies, took place in the Rev. Mr. Hall's Church yesterday afternoon. An unusually large number of the members of these Societies were in attendance, and the favorable reputation of the orator secured a large and fashionable audience from the city.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Babcock, of New Bedford.

The Oration was delivered by Charles Sumner, Esq., of Boston.

After an appropriate introduction, alluding to the situation of an interesting portion of his audience, just entering upon a new career of life, and a classical apology for delivering here a discourse which had already been pronounced in another place, he proceeded to the discussion of his subject, FAME AND GLORY. He considered in the first place, what in the common acceptance of mankind are fame and glory, and in the next place, how far, if at all, are they progressive motives of action, and lastly, what are true fame and glory, and what men are truly worthy of renown. We have often had occasion to speak of the abundant scholarship and the lofty moral tone which mark the productions of Mr. Sumner.—This discourse, when published, will be worthy a place with his Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, and with his Oration upon the True Grandeur of Nations, and this, our readers know, is high praise. [Providence Journal.

LIBERAL PREACHER.

The publication of the four last Nos. of this work, viz., the Nos. for Sept. Oct. Nov. and Dec. 1836, was long delayed, for reasons not necessary here to explain. Those Nos. were long since advertised as ready for subscribers. Some have called for them,—but some yet remain on hand, whose subscription for the last volume of the work is already paid. They are invited to call for them, or to leave their present address and they shall be forwarded. As these Nos. are necessary to complete the set, it must be desirable with subscribers who value the work to receive them before sending the Vols. to be bound.

The bills for the last year, of some subscribers, are still unsettled. They are respectfully invited to forward the amount, and receive their Nos.

UNITARIAN ADVOCATE.

Complete sets of the Unitarian Advocate may be obtained at the Office of the Christian Register.

☞ Odd numbers of the same work supplied.

REMOVAL.

☞ The office of the Christian Register is removed to No. 22 School Street, to the building called "Harding's gallery."

☞ NOTICE. The gentleman who borrowed the Eighth Volume of Wesley's Works, from the Office of the Christian Register, is requested to return it.

☞ The same request is made respecting the *First* Volume of The "Modern Traveller."

☞ The same request is also made respecting the *First* "Volume of "Tucker's Light of Nature."

☞ AUTUMNAL CONVENTION OF UNITARIANS. The next Convention will be held in Salem, to commence on Tuesday, Oct 19. The undersigned, appointed at the last Convention to make the necessary arrangements for the next, give this early notice to the Churches of our denomination, and would urge them to accept the kind invitation which has been tendered them by our brethren of Salem.

SAML. OSGOOD,
ALONZO HILL,
JAMES F. CLARKE,
ALBERT FEARING,
HENRY P. FAIRBANKS,
} Committee of Arrangements.

jy24

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 30th inst, by Rev Willard Holbrook, of Blackstone, Amory Holbrook, Esq., of Salem, to Mary Hooper, daughter of Nicholson Broughton, Esq., of Boston.

Aug. 30th, by Rev Mr Rogers, Mr Henry S. Waldo to Miss Emma L. Haven, all of Boston.

By Rev Mr Streeter, Mr Lewis Smith to Miss Mary Jane Vinal; 24th inst, Mr Anthony Sprague to Miss Margaret Stoddard, both of Hingham.

29th inst, at St. Stephen's Church, by Rev E. M P. Wells, Mr Wm. Chadwick to Miss Elizabeth M., daughter of Mr Wm. B. Whitely, all of Boston.

Mr J. W. Gleason of Andover, to Miss Ellen H. Clapp of Boston.

In Lancaster Court House, S. C., Aug. 19th, Mr J. A. Hazeltine, formerly of Bradford, Mass., to Miss Emeline, eldest daughter of Mr Wilson Vilvine, of L.

In Lawrence, Mr J. E. Gleason, to Miss Elizabeth Hook, both of L.

In Billerica, 25th inst, by Rev Dr Choules, Dr Geo. Faulkner, of Jamaica Plain, to Miss Mary A., daughter of Dr Amos Spalding, of B.

In Watertown, 31st ult, by Rev Mr Weiss, Mr John C. Chaffin of Boston, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew Cole, Esq., of W.

In Gloucester, Mr Ebenezer Niles to Miss Mary E. Boomer.

DEATHS.

In this city, Aug. 28th, Mrs Martha, wife of Mr Charles Bowker, 50.

Mr. Israel Wing, in his one hundredth year. Mr W. was born Aug. 8, 1748. At the commencement of the revolution, he entered the army, at that time stationed at Cambridge, and was on Dorchester heights when the British evacuated Boston. He was afterwards stationed at West Point, where he served three months in Washington's Life Guard.

Aug. 27th, Clara Walker, only child of A. G., and Susan W. Farrell, 18 months and 11 days.

In Newburyport, Mr Edward Bass, 87.

Joseph T., son of Joseph and Sarah Howard, 7 yrs. 9 months.

Daniel, child of Edward and Elizabeth H. Kimball, 2 years.

In Dover, N. H., Aug. 26th, Miss Harriet M. Gilman, youngest daughter of Col. Nathaniel Gilman.

In Roxbury, 27th ult, George B., only child of John and Rebecca Parker, 3 years 5 months; 27th ult, Jeremiah Francis, child of Jeremiah and Jane W. T. Spalding, 5 mos.

In Roxbury, 27th, Charles Frederick, only son of C. Lowell Thayer, 4 yrs. 8 mos.

In Dorchester, 25th, Mr Oliver Wales, 49.

Aug. 28, Mrs Elizabeth Hass Estey, relict of the late George Estey, and daughter of the late Capt Thomas H. Hinckley, 46.

In Cambridge, 23d, Mrs Mary Sales, 75.

Aug. 21st, Miss Hannah Newell, 63, daughter of the late Thomas Newell, of Boston.

In East Cambridge, 28th, Mr Samuel Buckman, 28.

28th, Deborah M. J. Taylor, youngest child of J. G. N., and Margaret Taylor.

In Salem, 25th inst, John Gardner, Esq., 77.

Mrs Clarissa B. Barnard, widow of the late Mr Leonard Barnard, 38.

Mrs Elizabeth Ober, widow of the late Mr William Ober, 75.

In Danvers, Mrs Eliza Sweet, 78.

In Bradford, of consumption, Mr Samuel T. Berge, 34.

In Cambridge, Mrs Prudence Farwell, 75.

In Newburyport, Mrs Eunice G., wife of Benj. W. Hale, Esq., 57.

In Exeter, N. H., Mr Charles Norris, printer, 65.

In Greenland, N. H., Rev Samuel W. Clark, 52, Pastor of the Congregational Church in G.

In Washington, N. C., Mrs Ann Cambreleng, 80, mother of Hon. C. C. Cambreleng, of N. York.

At Cape Coast, (Africa) April 20, Capt. —— McLean, Governor of Sierra Leone—well known as the husband of the deceased poetess, Miss Landon.

CROSBY'S TEXT-BOOKS. A Grammar of the Greek Language, 3d edition, by A. Crosby, Professor of the Greek Language, and Literature in Dartmouth College.

Greek Tables for the use of Students, 2d edition. Xenophon's Anabasis, with an Index of Citations. First Lessons in Geometry, upon the model of Colburn's First Lesson in Arithmetic, designed for Common Schools and Academies.

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Dental Surgery.

DR. MORTON, No. 19 Tremont Row, opposite the new Museum, is happy to announce, that he has associated with him, Dr. Francis Whitman, (who will fill the vacancy of Dr. N. C. Keep, his former partner and instructor) and has fully returned to the practical part of his Profession.

Drs. M. & W., respectfully tender their Professional services to the public, and in doing so, it seems not improper to suggest, without injustice to others, that in consequence of the new properties of Ether, Dr. M. is in constant communication with foreign Dentists, affording rare opportunities of information in regard to the *latest* improvements in Dentistry, both at home and abroad.

Drs. M. & W., manufacture and set teeth in blocks with false gums; insert single teeth with or without gums, upon plate or without, from one to a whole set, the latter being inserted upon a method not in general use, which they warrant is not surpassed in beauty or usefulness.

Teeth filled, regulated, cleaned and extracted, and all operations performed without pain. Inasmuch as Dr. M. has had the happiness to discover and demonstrate to the world a means of annihilating pain, he believes that all who wish, can safely commit themselves to his treatment. eopt sept4

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On Wednesday, September 1st, will be published

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY. NO. CXLIII., for September, 1847.

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Art. I. John Calvin.
II. Relation of Liberal Christianity to our Age and Country.
III. Millard's Travels.
IV. Noyes's Translation of the Psalms.
V. Study of Ornithology.
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VII. The Late Thomas Gray, D. D.
VIII. Prescott's Conquest of Peru.
IX. Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, D. D.
X. The Catecombs of the Church of Rome.
XI. Note to Article IV.
XII. Notices of Recent Publications.
Intelligence.

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POETRY.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

BY REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

Spare, spare the gentle bird,
Nor do the pretty warbler wrong,
In the greenwood is heard
Its sweet and happy song;
Its song so clear and glad,
Each listener's heart hath stirred;
And none, however sad,
But blessed that happy bird.

And when at early day
The farmer trod the dew,
It met him on the way
With welcome blithe and true;
So, when, at weary eve,
He homeward wends his way,
Full sorely would he grieve
To miss the well-loved lay.

The mother who had kept
Watch o'er her wakeful child,
Smiled as the baby slept,
Soothed by its wood notes wild;
And gladly had she flung
The casement open free,
As the dear warbler sung
From out the household tree.

The sick man on his bed
Forgets his weariness,
And turns his feeble head
To list its song that bless
His spirits, like a stream
Of mercy from on high,
Or music in the dream
That seals the prophet's eye.

O! laugh not at my words,
To warn your childhood's hours;
Cherish the gentle birds—
Cherish the fragile flowers.
For since man was bgreft
Of Paradise, in tears,
God the sweet thing hath left,
To cheer our eyes and ears.

CLEON AND I.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Cleon hath a million acres—
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—
In a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—
Not a penny I;
But the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I;
Hail the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness—
Freshening vigor I;
He in velvet, I in fustian,
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors—
Need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,
Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready—
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in nature—
In a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
In the sea and sky.
Nature sings to me forever—
Earnest listener I;
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change?—Not I.

[People's Journal, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GREAT TELESCOPE AT CAMBRIDGE.

To the Editor of the Inquirer:—Permit me through the medium of thy paper, to make known the result of an evening's opportunity, which on the 15th inst. it was my rich privilege to enjoy, in the examination of various celestial objects with the gigantic Equatorial Telescope recently erected in the new Observatory at Cambridge.

It is known to the public generally, that for several years past, preparations have been in progress at Cambridge, for the mounting of this noble instrument, which during the same period, has been in course of construction at Munich, Germany. In view of the immense pains and costs involved, it was an interesting and fearful question whether its performance would equal the anticipations so long and anxiously indulged by the parties interested; and before speaking of this, it may be useful briefly to advert to some of its properties, though a far more extended and scientific description of it will doubtless be prepared by the able director of the Observatory, Wm. C. Board, and ultimately published by the committee of examination.

The pier on which it rests is of masonry, consisting of blocks of granite. It is a frustrum of a cone, 20 feet in diameter at its base, and 10 at its top, and about 40 feet in height; its base however, is 20 feet below the surface of the ground. On its flat and level top is placed the pedestal, to which the telescope is attached. It is a huge block of granite, 13 tons in weight, handsomely wrought, and of a construction adapted to the equatorial apparatus, consisting of ponderous masses of brass, and weighing, with the table, certainly not less than 4 tons; and yet so ingeniously and perfect is friction evaded, that the merest child can give it motion, and direct it to any point in the heavens.

The object-glass of the instrument is 15 inches in diameter, in the clear; its focal length is 23 feet, and the length of the instrument, including the sliding tube, is about 24 feet.

That the reader may not deceive himself by comparing these dimensions with those of the telescope constructed by Sir William Herschell, or the greater one more recently made by Lord Rosse he may be reminded that these are reflecting telescopes, with metallic mirrors, and for equal duty, with the exception of what is termed space penetrating power, must greatly exceed in size. Suffice it to say, then, that the telescope at Cambridge is of the refracting kind, its optical duties being performed by lenses; and to obtain a lens of fifteen inches in diameter, of a sufficient purity to represent the object in perfect shape and color, under high magnifying powers, is an art of inconceivable difficulty; and at present, I believe, has never been successfully accomplished by any other establishment than the one in which this telescope was manufactured. The secret was imparted by the lamented Fraunhoffer, and so fearfully tenacious are they of the minutiæ of the movements, that it is said they are unwilling to use any poker to stir melting mass, than that which was employed by that illustrious man. No larger refracting telescope has ever been in successful operation in the world.

It is of a corresponding size with the boasted instrument at the Imperial Observatory at Pulkova, manufactured at the same establishment; but the Cambridge lens is warranted to be as good and by the maker believed to be better.—This was also the opinion of Simms, the celebrated manufacturer of England, who was employed to inspect the lenses side by side. The immense labor necessary in mounting and adjusting an instrument of this construction and magnitude, without previous practice or experience, was greatly diminished by those preparations which the skill and ingenuity of the Director enabled him to effect, while the instrument and its various equipments were in Germany; but the period since its arrival has not yet been sufficient to render the adjustment perfect, nor is it at present pretended to be fully prepared.

To counteract the apparent diurnal motion of the celestial objects, which is continually throwing them out of the field of ordinary telescopes, (a great annoyance, especially when high powers are employed,) a clock work is attached to the equatorial axis, so constructed as to give to the instrument a quiet and steady sidereal motion, contrary to the motion of the earth, and which by a slight modification may be applied to the solar or lunar motion; but it is generally sufficient when adjusted to a star. The effect of this arrangement is to keep the object for several hours, constantly in the centre of the field of view.

The night of the 15th was by no means a favorable one. With the exception of scattering cirri, it was cloudless, but the atmosphere was smoky, as it had been for the previous fortnight. The first object to which, at my request, the telescope was directed, was the planet Venus, invisible to the naked eye—it being yet daylight. The instrument was, however, adjusted to the Right Ascension and Declination of the planet, and the clock work set in motion when the object made its appearance in the centre of the field, and although veiled with smoke, and obscured by day-light, it met the eye with a glare. What will be the effect of a view of the planet, in the absence of twilight, in a clear autumnal evening, can only be imagined. The planet was only 14 degrees from the horizon. The intervening dense atmosphere of the earth, the mist and vapor always existing so near its surface, all magnified by the instrument, were not sufficient to prevent a rich display of its disc, half illuminated, and much resembling the moon at the quarter, except a dusky hue, which I attributed to the dense atmosphereof the planet. The view exceeded any idea I had entertained of the performance of the instrument; but our opportunity was abridged by the necessity of catching a glimpse of the moon, still nearer the horizon, and already veiling herself with cirri. The first object on the lunar surface that met the eye, was the yawning gulf Endymion, wide, deep and dark; the line of illumination leaped from side to side, leaving a frightful gap between, the mountains generally stood out in bold relief, casting shadows black as midnight; indeed, the entire length of the line dividing the light from the dark hemisphere, exhibited a mass of ruin of unspeakable magnificence. The clock-work was hardly adjusted, when the moon instantly disappeared. I satisfied myself of the existence of the gray light spoken of by Schroeter, indicating a twilight only compatible with the existence of a lunar atmosphere; a far more favorable opportunity is probably near at hand, and this mooted question will be set at rest.

At a later period of the evening our attention was directed to test objects. On a previous evening, the double star Gamma Coronæ, had been well separated with a power of 720. The mere separation of this star is thought to have been the highest attainment of Prof. Struve, with the Imperial instrument, but it was divided by the Cambridge instrument without effort.—This star was examined in 1832, by Sir J. Herschell, with his twenty feet Reflector, when he only saw a disc without a companion.

The point of faint light, also, near Alpha Capricorni, which President Smyth says long baffled his researches, was boldly exhibited by the Cambridge instrument. Sir John Herschell was led to suppose that this object was seen by reflected light,—a field of investigation which will not be likely to escape the attention of the Cambridge observers.

The companion of Antares, though obscured by haze and smoke, was very conspicuous. Sir J. Herschell, while at the Cape of Good Hope, could not have missed it for a moment, if he turned his telescope upon it, inasmuch as it may be detected under favorable circumstances in this latitude, by a five feet Equatorial.

The telescope was now directed to the close double star, Eta Coronæ. Close indeed it has been of late years, having set at defiance most of the telescopes in the world. It was at one time a test object for telescope, but it has recently been closed. It nevertheless yielded to our power at once, and the dark thread which separated it could not have measured more than one-third of a second.

The instrument was next adjusted to the annular nebula between Beta and Gamma, in the constellation of the Lyre, and the clock-work being applied an opportunity was afforded me which I had often craved, for a deliberate survey of an object, which, with smaller and less powerful instruments, had deeply interested me. With ordinary instruments, it appears to be a ring or wreath of stars, being entirely vacant in the centre, not unlike what we might suppose to be the Milky Way, viewed as a whole at an immense distance Seen through the Cambridge telescope, it is no longer a ring, its centre is no longer dark, but filled with a multitude of small faint stars. Lord Ross's powerful reflector representing the interior as nebulous, a circumstance of which I was not aware when at Cambridge, and hence did not speak of its resolvability, but I am quite sure the individual stars, though faint, were distinctly seen.

The double star, 61 Cygna, now engaged our attention; thus honored, only on account of the rank it holds in the history of science, being memorable for the researches of Bessell; to whom it revealed its parallex. I was struck, however, with the small, neat, round disc, of the individual stars, giving additional evidence to that already obtained from their annular motion, that distant as they may be by our means and modes of measurement, these bodies are comparatively near.

Search was now made for the double-headed shot, or Dumb-bell nebula, as it is called, situated in the Fox's breast. The instrument was set to its position, and it appeared in the field. The director had scarcely applied his eye to the telescope, before he expressed the opinion that the nebula was resolved. The assistant observer was then called to examine it, and repeatedly said, "It is resolved." I then applied my own eye, and found it to consist of closely packed, but individual stars. I am thus minute, because this has been uniformly numbered among the irresolvable nebula. It was first discovered by Messier, many years since, and described by him as an oval nebula without a star. The Earl of Rosse, as we are informed by the President of London, applied his powerful reflector to this object, and went so far as to say that "it exhibited signs of resolvability;" but he did not resolve it; nor am I aware that it has ever before yielded to the power of the telescope.

The next object of scrutiny was the delightful cluster in Hercules. This was a sort of dessert to the entertainment,—the sweatmeat of the feast. Well might Prof. Nichol say, that no *plate* can give a fitting representation of it," and well might he add that "no one ever saw it for the first time through a telescope without uttering a shout of wonder;" but I am sure that if the professor were once to see it himself, through the Cambridge instrument, his astonishment would be *unutterable*. No new feature was exhibited, but its beauty and brilliancy were greatly magnified.

The beautiful star, Alpha Lyræ had now reached the meridian, and from its high Northern Declination, was much above the mist of the atmosphere. With this we were to take our leave of "these life-infusing suns of other worlds." When the telescope was adjusted to this star, such was its dazzling brightness, and so thickly was it surrounded by telescopic companions, that the assistant astronomer shouted when it met his eye. The powers employed on this occasion ranged from 250 to 750. The instrument is furnished with eye-pieces magnifying two thousand times.

Among the results which may be anticipated from this capital instrument, is the detection of planets revolving about the fixed stars, which cluster about Alpha Lyræ on which I counted twenty-three, and the sharper eye of the assistant observer numbered thirty-five. Constant measurements of these with high powers, will, it may be confidently expected, at no distant day make known the motions and laws of these wonderfully remote and complicated systems.

Wm. Mitchell.

Nantucket, 7th mo. 19th, 1847.

[From the New York Observer.]

SKETCHES OF INDIA.

BY REV. S. HUTCHINGS.

Productions, Climate, &c.

The principal production in the wet season is rice. In the dry season tobacco, sugar-cane and various other grains are cultivated. In some parts indigo and cotton. Of esculent roots the yam is the principal, of which there are five or six species, a good substitute for the potato, which will not grow well except in the higher and colder regions. Arrow-root of fine quality is produced in many places.

The *Cocoanut* tree grows everywhere, from 60 to 80 feet high, and is very valuable. It is attached to the ground by a great many fibrous roots. Stem simple, without branches to the top, where are 20 or 30 feather-shaped leaves, 20 or 25 feet long, and made fast to the trunk by a kind of fibrous net-work. This is used for making sieves, and the leaves for covering houses. Young leaves constantly shoot from the top of the tree, and the lowest ones decay and fall, so that there are always 20 or 30 leaves on the tree. Trunk thick at the base and gradually decreases in diameter. The stem scarely ever rises perpendicular. About the seventh year sheaths which contain the blossom shoot out from below the lower leaves, and when about a foot long the sheath bursts, and in a few days the flower appears. This sheath falls off as the fruit expands. It is used for fuel, and when dried and split, makes good torches. The external envelope of the nut is green like that of a walnut, and fibrous, but turns yellow as the fruit ripens Under this outer coat is the strong shell which, when young, contains from a half-pint to a pint of a pleasant-flavored and cool liquid, from which the kernel is gradually produced. The kernel which lines the interior of the shell, yields when fresh-picked, a rich cream-like juice used in various cookery, and when the nut is dry, yields an oil nearly equal to fresh olive-oil, but which soon became rancid, and fit only for light, and for mechanical purposes. The shell of the nut makes cups, ladles, lamps, &c., and from the husk enclosing it are made ropes and cordage, from the smallest twine to the largest cable. The stem of the flower-buds is cut before they are completely developed, and a sweet sap issues forth, called toddy by Europeans. An earthern vessel is placed under each stem, and every morning a toddy drawer climbs the tree, and empties the contents into a pot suspended to his girdle. One blossom yields a common tumble full in a day. The toddy-drawer can climb from fifty to a hundred trees in a forenoon. The tree begins to bear when eight or nine years old, and yields from three to five hundred nuts in the season.

The *Palmyra* grows 100 feet high, with a stem perfectly straight. The wood though fibrous like the former, is more compact, and will take a fine polish. Inside pithy. It is used for building, but not furniture, as it cannot be sawed into planks. The leaves look like fans spread out. The fruit grows in clusters at the top, among the leaves, nearly round, and covered with a thin purple membrane. When the fruit is first found, the seed-shell is filled with a trausparent substance which is viscous and elastic, like jelly, cool and agreeable to the taste. The fruit, on being pressed, yields a thick juice of a reddish yellow, and of a strong flavor, looking like boiled and strained pumpkin. This is spread, half an inch thick, on mats and dried a few days in the sun, and stored for food. It keeps some months in this state, and is very nutritious, though to foreigners unpalatable. The seeds are buried in heaps in the earth, and after a few weeks, are found to have shot out an esculent root, of the spindle class, of the size of a small parsnip, which also furnishes much nutriment, is dried, pulverized, and made into cakes soup, &c. The sap of the tree is treated like that of the cocoanut. These two trees are put to a great variety of uses. The wood of the Palmyra furnishes stake, and rafters for the houses, the leaves are used for thatch, fence, books, mats, baskets, &c. Rope as well as baskets and mats are made from the strong rind of the leaf, and the blossom and fruit supply the people with a large part of their food. It is supposed that the palmyra furnishes means of subsistence to a fourth of the population.

The *Areca* another species of palm is common. It repuires much water, grows 50 or 60 feet high, perfectly straight, about 12 or 15 inches in circumference, and without branches to the top, where is a small and graceful tuft of feathery leaves, among which the blossoms and fruit are sheltered. Some branches contain 300 or 400 nuts. The nut appears in a soft shell, and resembles in appearance, a large nutmeg. The nuts are used as a necessary ingredient with the Cetel leaf, which is universally chewed by the Hindus, usually with the addition of a little quick-lime.

The Cetel leaf grows on a creeper supported by entwining itself around trees, or poles set for the purpose. The flowers of the Areca are carried as offerings to the temples, and the wood is used on wedding and festival occasions, and for laths in building houses and making fences.

The *Plantain* is very common and used as a fruit and vegetable. It grows on a stalk 15 or 20 feet high, and sends out from the top leaves 6 feet long and 2 wide, with a stout rib through the middle. The fruit ripens in about a year after the sucker is planted, and new suckers shoot up while the fruit is ripening which soon bear if the old one is cut down. The tree dies, after bearing once. A single stalk yields about 150, each on an average weighing nearly half a pound. Each stalk requires a space of about 6 feet square, so that an acre will produce more than 80,000 pounds of plantains. There is a very great variety, differing in size, flavor and texture, but all agreeable and wholesome.

The *Mango* grows wild and is widely diffused over India. It is a very beautiful tree resembling somewhat the walnut, and often very large, extending its branches 30 or 40 feet from the trunk. The fruit is nearly the size and shape of a goose egg. Its color, when ripe, is various, even on the same tree, some being perfectly green, others of the bright yellow of the orange, with one side red as crimson. Beneath the skin is a pulp three-quarters of an inch thick, and in the middle a large flat stone in shape like an almond. The fruit is richly flavored, and much liked by foreigners. It is often picked before ripe and pickled, preserved, or used for souring curry.

The *Jack* is botanically a species of bread-fruit, though the fruit is wholly unlike that of the *Bread fruit* tree. It is a large tree, abounds in North Ceylon, and yields a large amount of food in its season. The fruit grows from the trunk, very large, sometimes two and a half feet long and three and a half feet round. It has a thick green rind covered with points like those on the skin of a pine-apple. Within are numerous kernels like large beans enclosed in a yellow pulp, of the shape and size of a large plum, which is the part eaten. It is very luscious and supplies much cheap food. The kernels are often roasted and eaten as nuts, or boiled either as vegetables, or in a kind of thick soupcalled *cool*. The wood, of the color nearly of mahogany, close-grained, and capable of taking a fine polish, is used for furniture.

The *Tamarind*, a very large and beautiful tree, is common in Ceylon. The fruit hangs in pods like beans, from all the branches, and is used as an acid in curries, as well as for medicine. The wood is exceeding hard.

The *Margosa* is a large tree, and highly ornamental, both in the delicacy and fragrance of its flowers, and in the elegant finish and graceful clustering of its leaves. It bears a small fruit of little value, enclosing a bitter nut that yields an oil used for lamps, and medicinal preparations. The wood is very hard and used for boards, timbers and coarse furniture.

The *Banian* is a very singular tree. It sends down rope-like shoots from its lower limbs, which take root, and become additional stems to the parent tree. Three or four acres are sometimes covered by one tree, which will shelter 6 or 7000 persons. It is good for nothing but shade. Wallace thus describes one in Guzerat. "More than five regiments might be accommodated under the delightful shade of its canopy, impervious to the hottest beams of the sun. It is about 2000 feet in circumference round the principal stems; the overhanging branches not yet struck down cover a much larger space. The chief trunks of this tree amount to 350, the smaller stems, formed into strong supporters are more than 3000." Milton thus describes the banian.

"Branching so broad and long that in the ground
The bending twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree; a pillar'd shade
High over arched and echoing walks between."

It is believed to be the abode of evil spirits, and is worshipped, temples being often built under it.

The *Tulip* tree is common in Jaffna, and used for shade, ornament and hedges. The flower resembles a single holly-hock in size, shape and texture. It is of a bright yellow, with a very dark centre.

The *Castor-oil* tree is abundant, and the oil extensively used for light, medicine, cooking and to dress the hair.

The *Pine-apple* grows without much cultivation, but it is not of a fine quality. Sometimes 6 or 8 are sold for 3 cents.

Oranges, limes, citron, custard-apples, shaddocks, guavas are common. Grapes are very fine.

Of *forest* trees there are the oak, teak, pine, fur, cedar, cypress, ebony, walnut, chestnut, yew, acacia, rosewood, iron, satinwood and many others.

A SONG OF SORROW.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The British Anti-Slavery Reporter of 1st of 12th month last, gives an affecting extract from the Journal of James Richardson, the philanthropic African traveller, whom we have already noticed:

"Sebah, Oasis of Fezzan, 10th March, 1846.

"This evening the female slaves were unusually excited in singing, and I had the curiosity to ask my negro servant Said, what they were singing about. As many of them were natives of his own country, he had no difficulty in translating the Mandara or Bornou language. I had often asked the Moors to translate their songs to me, but got no satisfactory account of them. Said at first said, "O! they sing of *Rubee*," (God.) "What do you mean?" I replied impatiently. "Oh, don't you know," he continued, "they asked God to give them ther *Atka!*" (certificate of freedom.) I inquired, "Is that all?" Said: "No; they say, "Where are we going? The world is large. *O God! Where are we going? O God!*" I inquired, "What else! Said: "They remember their country, Bor-nou, and say, "*Bornou was a pelasant country, full of all good things; but this is a bad country, and we are miserable!*" "Do they say anything else?" Said: "No; they repeat these words over and over again, and add, "() God! give us our *Atka, and let us return again to our dear home.*"

"I am not surprised that I got little satisfaction when I asked the Moors about the songs of their slaves. Who will say that the above words are not a very appropriate song? What could have been more congenially adapted to their then woful condition? May Heaven hear their prayer, give them their liberty, and restore them to their country. It is not to be wondered at that these poor bondwomen cheer up their hearts, in their long, lonely and painful wanderings over the desert, with words and sentiments like these; but I have often observed that their fatigue and sufferings were too great for them to strike up this melancholy dirge, and many days their plaintive strains never broke over the silence of the Desert."

The following is an attempt to versify this melancholy appeal of distressed human nature to the help and justice of God. Nothing can be added to its simple pathos:

SONG OF THE SLAVES IN THE DESERT.

Where are we going? Where are we going?
Where are we going, Rubee?
Hear us! Save us! make us free;
Send our Atka down from thee!
Here the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
Strange and large the world is growing!
Tell us, Rubee, where are we going?
Where are we going, Rubee?

Bornou! Bornou! Where is Bornou?
Where are we going, Rubee?
Bornou-land was rich and good,
Wells of water, fields of food;
Bornou-land we see no longer,
Here we thirst, and here we hunger,
Here the Moor man smites in anger;
Where are we going, Rubee?

Where are we going? Where are we going?
Hear us, save us, Rubee!
Moons of marches from our eyes,
Bornou-land behind us lies;
Hot the desert wind is blowing,
Wild the waves of sand are flowing!
Hear us! tell us, Where are we going?
Where are we going, Rubee?

[National Era.

HAZLITT'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

From Hazlitt's advice to his son going home from school, we select the following item, which contains more sound sense, and a deeper perception of human nature that is dreamt of in every one's philosophy:

The World. Do not begin to quarrrel with the world too soon; for bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in—here. If railing would have made it better, it would have been reformed long ago—but as this is not to be hoped for at present, the best way to slide through it is as contentedly and innocently as we may. The worst fault it has, is *want of charity*, and calling knave or fool at every turn will not cure this failing. Consider as a matter of vanity that if there were not so many knaves and fools as we find, the wise and honest would not be those rare and shining characters that they are allowed to be;—and (as a matter of philosophy) that if the world be really incorrigible in this respect, it is a reflection to make one sad and not angry. We may laugh or weep at the madness of mankind, we have no right to vilify them, for our own sake or theirs. Misanthropy is not the disgust of the mind at human nature; but with itself; for it is laying its own exaggerated vices and foul blots at the door of others! Do not, however, mistake what I have here said. I would not have you when you grow up, adopt the low and sordid fashion of palliating existing abuses of putting the best face upon the worst things. I only mean that indiscriminate unqualified satire can do little good, and those who indulge in the most revolting speculations of human nature, do not themselves *always set fairest examples*, or strive to pervert its lower degriation.

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The additions have been made, with great care, by the Rev R. C. Waterston, Pastor of the Church of the Saviour, and are highly approved by those who have examined the work, since they were made.

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